

DOCTORAL THESIS

A Live/Living Museum of Small, Forgotten and Unwanted Memories

Performing Narratives, Testimonies and Archives of the Portuguese Dictatorship and Revolution

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**A Live/Living Museum of Small, Forgotten
and Unwanted Memories**

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of the Portuguese Dictatorship and Revolution**

Joana Craveiro

APPENDICES II

**A thesis submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements
for the degree of PhD**

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APPENDICES II

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A Living Museum of Small, Forgotten and Unwanted Memories

Performance script, Working copy, June 2016

Joana Craveiro

0 Prologue (*Swiss Alps Background and picture*)

Benfica, Lisbon, 1980.

A photographer in Grão Vasco Avenue, in Benfica uses an image of a landscape of the Swiss Alps as the background of a photograph with the children on the class of the teacher Maria Luísa. They are from the Grão Vasco kindergarten based in the same avenue.

We could ask ourselves why the Swiss Alps. What image of perfection did this country – Switzerland – inspire in our imagination? An imagination of a country lacking in self-esteem, stumbling out of a revolutionary process and already in an economic crisis and a financial aid programme. Very similar to the one of the past 3 years, except that back then there was nothing left to blame except the revolution – the memory of before had already faded away. This was Portugal, 1980, and Eduardo Lourenço had already written in the title of a chronicle just four years before: ***Fascism never existed***. It was an irony, of course, and also, as we painfully know today, it was also a premonition.

Sitting at the photographer's studio in Grão Vasco Avenue, I am thinking I don't mind if the strap in my dress is not quite right – as my grandmother still tells me today it wasn't and that I ruined the picture. And I don't mind about my blouse not being fully stretched, and I frankly don't want to smile that much – like the other kid do. Not that I am sad or anything, it's just I have other things on my mind. For example, my brother. He was a boy and not a girl as I had wished. For example, the fact that I wasn't able to climb the big tree in the avenue to get some leaves for my silkworms—I know today that that was going to be cause of their death. And the re-election of General Ramalho Eanes – who was the first President of the Republic post-

dictatorship - that we celebrated from a balcony of an apartment in Venezuela Street, in Benfica; which is a flat I have not returned to since and the only memory I have is this balcony where we were loudly celebrating until the neighbour came in and said ‘shush, don’t you know that our prime minister passed away just two days ago?’. I remember how they, the adults, kept it quiet from then on, but I also remember them being rather amused – we weren’t supporters of the government’s coalition...

Long gone were the GDUPs¹ of Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho – another mythical captain of the Portuguese revolution, this time of the far-left - and what remained of my father’s passion and activism in that movement was a collection of sixty stickers that I would find in an envelope inside a box later in 2012.

But that night of December 1980, we supported Ramalho Eanes – even if we kept our voices down so as not to disturb the neighbours – and he had won with 57% of the votes, against 40% for Soares Carneiro (who incidentally passed away this year). And Otelo reached 1.49%. 0.49% more than T. (my parents’ friend) told me he had won by – when I met her by chance and asked her about when the revolution ended and she animatedly said, ‘it was when Otelo had nothing more than 1%, 1% can you imagine!.’

Only recently I discovered that the kindergarden named Grão Vasco belonged to and still belongs to the daughter of Marcello Caetano, Ana Maria Caetano. Maybe it is also not a coincidence that back then we were living in a flat in a street called João de Barros, who had been the grandfather of Ana Maria Caetano – and he had also been a republican and an opponent to the regime. So I believe in this case a street makes it for a kindergarden. And furthermore, I have discovered recently that this flat in João

¹ Grupos Dinamizadores de Unidade Popular - Popular Action Boosting Groups. Political and militant groups formed to support Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho’s run for the Presidency in 1976.

de Barros Street has been used for political clandestine meetings before the revolution, by a political group that I will describe later.

My great-uncle was a man of the regime; he was a Salazar supporter, worked in one of his ministries... But we loved that uncle whom we nick-named Tio-Tio (like little tio). When I was younger he used to offer me complete collections of books, because I think he was friends with some publishers. That is how I got the complete Greek classics when I was a teenager. Before that, he used to give me a whole collection of classics from Sá da Costa Publishers (which had been a resistance bookshop), and which were retold to ‘the children and the people’ – that was the name of the collection. The classics were adapted most of them by João de Barros, the republican, himself. Here we have the *Ennead*, by Virgil. The Iliad, the Odyssey... At the time I wasn't aware of this particular title “Retold to Children and to the People”, as if one was equivalent to the other.

This was the same great-uncle who visited my father once, when he was arrested after a demonstration against the colonial war in Praça do Chile, in Lisbon. And he told him: “What a stupid thing to do”, while bringing a box full of pastries to the people who had been arrested together with my father. And jokingly, we call this, the paradoxes of the regime.

When I was 13 years old, I visited finally Switzerland, which was a country I hated really. It was indeed, a perfect country.

(Anthem of the Portuguese Youth. Audience enters the venue.)

(Alexandre O'Neill's poem in overhead projector, and sound feature of Salazar's speech. The archivist puts her red blazer on and takes a sip at her tea. She plays "Nouvelle Vague", by the Samy Cates orchestra, at her turntable.)

#1: Small Acts of Resistance

Good afternoon and welcome to the performance of the special collection of our **Living Museum of Small, Forgotten and Unwanted Memories**, pertaining to the recent history of Portugal, as you may know, it is a small country near Spain, but still in Europe. During our visit to the special collection of 7 performance-lectures, you will be introduced to many names and events that either you don't know or that you have not experienced directly. But don't worry, neither have we – we were born *after*. Welcome anyway, it is great to have you on board.

This song. Yes. “Nouvelle Vague”, by the Sammy Cates Orchestra. I have inherited this record from my great-uncle's collection; which impressed me mainly because of two items in it: this one he named “the soul of Russian music” (apparently he loved things to do with Russia) and this record of selected speeches by Lenin... in Russian. My great-uncle was a Salazar supporter – the paradoxes of the regime...

The first time I have heard this music I was writing about what I called the *Invisible Archives of the Portuguese Dictatorship*. The music seemed to be in tune with a general idea of ‘all well’, ‘all happy’, that the dictatorial regime in Portugal promoted. Poor and illiterate, happy people, who walked barefoot, (*image*) because they couldn't afford to buy shoes.

Happy, honored, poor people, who had nothing to eat other than a slice of bread and 1 sardine for 3 people.

Happy people who relied upon Salazar's trilogy – God, Homeland, Family.

Happy people, who saw their children, leave to wage an absurd war.

To defend what? they asked. Portugal was not a small country, so they said.

Happy people, who not wanting to see their children go to serve in the war in Africa, sent them clandestine over hills until they reached Spain and later France, where they served as the lowest chaste of employers – living in misery to escape misery, sending money home every month and a letter (*Letter*): “Everything is fine here. Hope we meet again someday” – Who knew if they would ever come back...

It all started when I asked myself how could a dictatorship last for so long? It was like asking who am I, where do I come from – and, furthermore, what remains part of me from those times?

It was also asking how the regime had constructed its ideology so perfectly within people’s spirits so as to justify and excuse what would otherwise be inexcusable; what mentality was this and how could it have thrived? Were the Portuguese after all a serene and ‘sensible’ people with ‘gentle’ manners, or not?...

At the same time, it was also asking if there was a resistance to the regime, to those ideas and mentality. We know there was, so what kinds of resistance were there and how did they operate. And why did the inhabitants of the village of Couço say that if we put a glass of water on top of the radio, one could tune in easily Radio Moscow...? My mother says this was actually a myth, as my grandfather listened to Radio Moscow without ever needing the glass of water. But let us make an experience. I will leave the glass there, for tonight, at 10h30, Radio Moscow² will broadcast in Portuguese, and my grandfather will listen.

² Radio Moscow was the name of a clandestine radio station during the dictatorial regime. In general, when interviewees want to refer to clandestine radio stations during that time they use the generic title of Radio Moscow, although there were other radio stations such as RPL (Rádio Portugal Livre /Radio Free Portugal) and Rádio Voz da Liberdade/ Radio Voice of Freedom, for example.

And also, the polarization of the world: the Cold War, which conditioned that which was understood as politics and political action. Thinking about politics, indeed, invited trouble, and politicized people generally meant “communists” and that was not good...

In a series of interviews conducted in the year 2000, the anthropologist Tiago Matos Silva researches the intergenerational transmission of the memories of the Portuguese revolution within a group of 4 families from the far right to the far left. The son of a family named D., says,

Let me tell you something... those who say, ‘Ah, Salazar wouldn’t let us speak out’, they say it because they were somehow into politics. My father, who didn’t talk about politics – he talked about work or about football, but not about politics – so Salazar didn’t get in his way. Those who complained about the regime were those who were into politics, not the common people. The common people had no time for it, they had to work! (Matos Silva, 2000: 19)

So: first idea, politics is for those who do not work, the lazy, indigent ones who can spare time in that useless activity.

Next: In this book by Captain Fernando Queiroga, a military dissident of the regime, who exiled in Brazil, states that one of his friends referred to politics as *that pig*. So, second idea: politics is a pig.

Let us now look at what a worker says about politics, since it is for those who do not work. José da Silva, a factory worker, in his book *Memories of a Factory Worker*,

writes an autobiographical account of his life under the regime of Salazar. One can read:

I think democracy is not a system of government just reserved to the people made of wise men, for it should also serve the people whose majority are peasants, workers, artisans, small sellers, together with artists of civic and intellectual range... Let us not complicate the concepts of democracy so as to render it incomprehensible to the people, for a system of democratic government is infinitely less complicated than the totalitarian regimes (Silva, 1971).

This book was forbidden in Portugal during the New State (as the Dictatorship is known), of Oliveira Salazar and Marcelo Caetano. This is an extract of its record in the censorship services – and I have found it in a shelf in my parent's house. Actually together with this book I found many others which I know today have been clandestinely purchased during the dictatorial regime in Portugal. I was led to believe that one of the most disseminated forms of resistance was the purchase and reading of forbidden books. And, ultimately, if we consider that the regime is often considered a time of *obscurantism* (that is, *darkness*), the act itself of reading international literature, of appreciating and consuming art of diverse kind, were in itself acts of resistance.

R., a historian who tells me about the cultural resistance to the New State and about the memories of his desertion from the colonial war and his militancy in Maoist groups, remarks:

Normally, who makes the history of the opposition to the regime in Portugal?

Those people who followed a political route, or people who performed public

leadership positions after the 25th of April, or people who have had some social preeminence. But apart from these, there was a great multitude of people... We can even say that they were people who compromised a bit (although I don't want to make any judgments), because not everyone has to be a famous writer or a famous actor, there are those who really don't want to be in the limelight, whose ideal is maybe to just live in peace in their little corner. And this refers - in terms of resistance to the New State - to several generations of people who simply followed a marginal path to the regime, but who never really confronted it directly in the political plane, even if they might have had an episodic participation in the resistance to the regime...³

To some of these individuals, practices and places (many of which are not mentioned in history books), I would like to dedicate this first performance-lecture:

1. To Read

Guide of Portugal, 1960, Franz Villier.

It seems like a touristic guide, but in fact, it may well not be. He writes:

You are in Lisbon looking for an address. In the main entrance of a building a porter comes to your aid. Thirty years, magnificent blue uniform with golden buttons. You show him the piece of paper where you have written a name and a number. In a second the porter loses his high and mighty look, the gold fades from his buttons, his expression strains and he mutters, looking away,

³ All accounts by R. taken from the personal interview on 21 January 2014.

“Sir, I don’t understand...” The porter can’t read. In the 20th century, in Europe, in a city... we are rendered speechless (Villier, 1960).

It was not easy to learn how to read. People had to work since an early age, and as the police inspector said to José da Silva (a worker): ‘you are too intelligent’. Indeed, knowledge and political awareness were of no use to the regime.

It is also R. who reminds me of the role that cultural associations and collectives played during the regime. He speaks of a little library in his village inside one of these associations, but he complains that it was always closed. Then he grew up and became the director of the greatest 25th of April archive in Portugal.

Others were luckier, like the inhabitants of Alhos Vedros, where the association *A Velhinha* has its headquarters. The association comprised of a library and a group of Esperantists – a language forbidden in Portugal, for what it symbolized. And here the headmaster Anibal Paula, even if he had only the fourth grade, taught history, English and French – until he was arrested by the PIDE.

For example, the newspaper *The Voice of the Worker* was founded still in the 19th century, because the media refused to publish news about the labour conditions of the workers in the tobacco factories. As a protest the workers revolted and created their own newspaper. The *Voice of the Worker* was later transformed into an association with a school and a library. And, later, it was closed down by the PIDE.

For example, even later, during what was known as the Marcello’s Spring, after the death of Salazar, when everyone thought that a change in the regime would happen – a breach in the law allowed for cultural cooperatives to be legally constituted without court approval, which paved the way for cooperatives like Livrelco, Livrop, Árvore,

Pragma, Unicepe, Húmus. These associations were connected to militant leftist groups, the communist party, the far left, liberal Catholics – but soon the bail law 520/71 forbade any cooperative which was not approved by the court – and most of them failed to get the approval...

And the cinema clubs, or film societies, of course, how could I forget, where my mother remembers watching for example, *La Notte*, of Antonioni, and discussing the film throughout the night in a heated discussion. And in all those independent film societies (where the *Battleship Potemkin* was screened—a forbidden film) many people were arrested for subversive activities.

In these spaces, one could breath, says R.

He had developed this idea of breathing spaces – to which he calls Free Houses or Free Homes – which were private homes, where one would go in and it was as if one could forget the general obscurantism of the regime. There were books on the shelves, paintings on the walls, people discussing culture, and the air was not the one of the suffocating and grey austerity of the wonderful medieval country, as Simone de Beauvoire's sister Helene described Portugal at the time.

R. remembers at least two of such houses; he says:

I was a kid there, I even went with people older than me, it was absolutely magical, because I was used to being on guard all the time, looking around always, one could not speak, or if we did it was just to discuss militancy and things like: we have to hand in a communiqué, make an inscription in a given wall, etc. And all of a sudden being there was a possibility to discuss what in

truth interested me the most: aesthetics, and sexuality even... (personal interview, January 2014)

And he made a gesture with his hands like this...*(shows gesture)*

My mother tells me also about a similar place. In fact, it was right opposite of grandparent's house, the opposite building across the road. The 5th floor, home of a mythical man, Zé João. A place where one would walk immediately towards a shelf, grab a book and start discussing, all night long. A place where, just being there, was an act of resistance.

And I believe this also bears a connection to another space of resistance, if we leave Zé João's house, turn right, then go down Avenida do Uruguai, we keep to the right and halfway through the avenue, there it is: the ancient bookshop Ulmeiro – this other space of resistance, and a crucial one.

2. José Ribeiro

I remember being 15 and a boy I knew telling me that he used to steal books from this bookshop called Livrarte. This was long before I realized this Livrarte I've known all my life and that I used to go to, had been the famous Ulmeiro. And it was long before I have found many books edited by Ulmeiro in my mother's house and eagerly asked her, and this? Did you buy it at Ulmeiro? Do you remember going to Ulmeiro?... My mother said yes to the books and yes to going to Ulmeiro.

This guy I knew was able to steal books from Ulmeiro because that is a total chaos of a place, they don't control anything. I think they get lost amidst the piles of books and antiques. I have never stolen anything at Ulmeiro, but indeed bought there some books. But I always remember a certain feeling of intimidation regarding the shop and

its owners, some kind of historical blockage, perhaps. I knew of some mythical clandestine meetings there, in their basement. I had also heard about the militant singer Zeca Afonso playing there. So I would always refrain from talking to the owners as a gesture of respect. It was only recently that I sat down with José Ribeiro, the owner, and he told me from beginning till end, the story of the bookshop.⁴

They paid a monthly fee – in Portuguese “*avença*” – to a man who worked in the post office and that managed to send many books to José’s address, which otherwise would have been intercepted by the Political Police, the PIDE. José says he was quite sure that this man in the post office was an informer of the police, or it would otherwise be very difficult to pass on so many books – the books would just be apprehended at the post office. The fee that the man received was the equivalent to the amount Zé paid for the rent of the bookshop, but he says it was worth it, given the number of books he was able to save and sell. I asked myself: where could this man be nowadays? José never saw him again after the fall of the regime, contrary to other PIDE agents, like the one who lived in Benfica and used to call José’s bookshop telling him “Mr. Ribeiro, be careful, your neighbours are not good people, they have just called to let us know which kind of books you have in your display window. Be careful with you neighbours!” And José added, ‘As you see, he was an atypical PIDE.’

And he continued,

I met this man of the PIDE in the street, after the 25th of April and we stood there, chatting. He had a sad story, his wife and son had died; and then he started talking about the time of the book apprehension’s saying he was

⁴ This interview took place on 28 April 2014, at Livrarte (Ulmeiro), Lisbon.

against that, he was against the whole interdiction of books, for he thought books were like a Benfica-Sporting match, people should read as they pleased and then some were pro and others con, and that was ok – as you see, again, an atypical PIDE.

José Ribeiro was often arrested together with his apprehended books. Many of his stories at the PIDE headquarters are quite humorous, like refusing to sign an accusation record because it was written in a bad Portuguese. Or the PIDE agent who, after apprehending many of his books, came back to ask him to keep a poster for his girlfriend who he really liked (I find that really sweet, the amorous PIDE...).

Or, another example, a dialogue with another PIDE agent regarding a book edited by José, *Portugal Without Salazar*. The PIDE agent was called José Pinto Galante.

I like saying his name, I like saying these names, naming these people, whom we don't know where they are; I have found testimonies of other people interrogated by this man, by the way – and this PIDE who played a certain role – the PIDE performed roles, so this one as he was interrogating a bookseller played a kind of educated, scholarly PIDE.

He said,

“There is something I don't understand here, how come such a nice man as yourself cannot understand that this books advocates for the dismembering of the mother land?”

And José answered, “I completely disagree. I think it is a book that will contribute to a debate of ideas”

And the PIDE again, “I will give you one more chance to read the book once again so you can reach the same conclusion as myself.”

And José, “It’s really not worth it, you are PIDE and I am not, I don’t think we can ever reach the same conclusion.”

(He stayed in detention).

José Ribeiro was sued twice by the Portuguese state for the release of two different books. The first time was because of this book, *Portugal Without Salazar* – José, jokingly, says it was because the cover is red, because in fact the book is innocent, and I said, ‘no José, the book is actually subversive, just look at the title’ – and the second time was in 1976, for the publishing of this *Massacres in the Colonial War* (Amaro, 1976).

They have had access to a series of classified documents regarding the operation that led to the massacres in the village of Tête, in Mozambique, perpetrated by the Portuguese army in 1973. These massacres were, indeed, denounced by father Hastings in the UN, which led to furious demonstrations in London upon the visit of Marcello Caetano to that city. In fact, I have met people here in London who participated in these demonstrations.

This operation was signed by the general Kaúlza de Arriaga, who was named an *ultra*, that is, even more right-wing radical than the regime itself, and who inspired fear in many. Some say Kaúlza de Arriaga wanted to run for the presidency of the republic, but he backed off because of this book, which according to José, was bombastic.

And now, a parenthesis. The Colonial War would deserve more than just a parenthesis, it would deserve a whole ‘Living Museum’ dedicated to it. But today I am aiming to address eighty years of Portuguese history in this performance, and I can only devote it a parenthesis. But, in the general silence surrounding this war – absent, for example, from the official speeches of the ex-President of the Republic, Cavaco Silva, concerning the 25th of April coup (as if in the origin of the coup there had not been this 13-year conflict) – a silence that has spread to Portuguese society at large – I feel that even if just as a parenthesis, it is nonetheless my way of making a memorial...

(COLONIAL WAR SCENE:

Quote from record of the National Feminine Movement:

Now it's my turn

Hello, hello boys!

This is Cilinha,

your friend and comrade.

Another record made up of folklore, verses and fado,

all out of deep friendship...

Because those who made it

had no idea other than to bring you

the Portuguese sadness, sense of loss,

and gentleness,

which will reassure you that many of us

only wish to offer you a smile

and be there with you,

this Christmas...

The National Feminine Movement had very good ideas about how to comfort our boys that were fighting down there overseas to defend 'our' territories. For example, the vinyl record they edited each Christmas. This one is from Christmas 1973, but there is also the one from 1971. I can't imagine how they could listen to this, in the middle of the bushes. Maybe they had some hidden pickups, I don't know... and also this little purse, which had a cigarette pack and a lighter:

Christmas of 69:

To you, our friend the military

wishing you a Holy Christmas

our THANK YOU

for your sacrifice, made of courage, loss, solitude

may God be with you,

may men deserve you

this is what the National Feminine Movement wishes you

And also this airmail letters –aerograms as they were called, the letter and the envelope were the same – and they were exempt from payment of postal expenses.

These aerograms from caporal Amaral for example, he was placed in Rabaué, Mozambique, and he writes:

Ribaué, Mozambique, October 19 1965

Dearest love of my heart,

First of all I sincerely wish, my dear, that this aerogram finds you well and in good health and high spirits; I, my dear, am well and in good health, fortunately, but needless to say I miss you ever more and I miss your love, how I miss you, dear precious love, I love you more with each passing day, and you are in my heart in every moment, I am anxiously waiting for everything to finish so that I can go back to you, my dear love, I am fed up with this all, this terrible life, how long have I not seen you, had you in my arms and kissed you, I'm in despair, I was so happy with you, that is, we were happy together, now it's only suffering, but all things past and one of this days I will be there again by your side and we will be happy again..."

This letter is written in a sole breath, as if someone was saying these things out loud, rather than just writing them... But I noticed the handwriting is always different from letter to letter, so I imagine must have dictated these to different people, maybe because he himself didn't know how to write?... There is one thing in common in all these letters: he never once said what he was going through in that war.

In fact, the soldiers never really said much about that war in the letters they sent to their families. Neither during, nor afterwards when they returned from the war. Either because they didn't want to worry their families, or because it was just too difficult to talk about it, or because of censorship.

In the letters and aerograms that Carlos wrote to his wife from Guinea, he also never mentioned the war. In fact, Carlos, when he returned from Guinea, he brought a bag...⁵

...full of objects, memories, pictures of Guinea and it was left unopened in a basement for 16 years in his house. The day of the premiere of this show in Lisbon, he came knocking at the door of the venue a couple of hours before and gave this bag saying, take it and show whatever you want.

A bullet from a 3-Gun riffle, a scrap from an enemy weapon, and one of those identification plaques, that the soldiers used around their necks, so that when they got killed they would tear it in two, place one half inside the mouth and when the dead body arrived the family could recognize it.

When Carlos was first called to go to the war in Guinea 1967, he said he hadn't expected it. He had already accomplished the mandatory military service in 1957. Back then the uniforms were grey, and it was called the grey war, whereas now it was a guerrilla bush war, and the uniforms were green. He thought about desertion, he says everyone did, for there were few who agreed with the war and will to fight. Most people who were for the war did not fight in it. Some deserted, escaped and exiled in foreign countries; France, for example. But most people were like him: men who did not agree with the war but had accepted serving in it. They quickly discovered that the enemy would not ask them: do you agree or not?

The enemy. I ask Carlos if he still uses this expression today and he tells me it's a language thing, merely a technical term:

⁵ Carlos N.'s accounts in this scene are based upon two personal interviews: September and 13 November 2014.

When I use the word enemy is so that I can refer to the ‘other’. The logic of the war seeks to dehumanize the enemy. That is why most armies give a derogative nickname to the enemy. It’s not the word enemy in itself that is derogative – for it is just a technical name – but if I refer to them as TURRAS, like terrorists, yes, that would be disparaging.⁶ But that is a word I never use. You know, amongst ourselves there was a great respect towards the enemy – we respected them and we respected their ideals.

After a battle, what do I see? A young man, his shoelaces impeccably fastened, the marks of sweat under his arms; in one pocket, a letter and a picture of his girlfriend; in the other pocket, a toothbrush and tooth paste. This meant we had won something; it was like a trophy. Still, he was a young man, fighting for an ideal.

And here, Carlos was moved to tears.

As a captain he had been known as a kind of mother hen towards his soldiers, and he is very proud to say that he almost lost no lives in his battalion:

There was a time when I deeply pondered: I knew I had had access to the university and I had a certain knowledge. I knew I lived in a dictatorial regime to which I was 100% against. At the same time I had wife, children, a job and knew if I had deserted all of that would be chaotic. On the other hand, also, I knew that I would be receiving 150 men who probably had attended university, many of them didn’t even know how to read and write. And they

⁶ *Turras* was the informal name given to the African armies; *Tugas* was the informal abbreviation for the Portuguese army. The word *Turras* comes from “terrorists”, which was how the regime addressed these movements. In many accounts today from former combatants, both words – *turras* and terrorists – are still used. Carlos was an exception to this.

were at my responsibility. I hadn't met them yet and still I felt a huge burden of responsibility for these men. And when I say I wanted to protect them I don't mean protecting them from the enemy but rather from the stupid orders of our hierarchies. And I am very proud to report that I have brought home all the drivers of my battalion safe and sound.

One or two weeks after arriving in Guinea, without any experience, they underwent a major attack:

We didn't have any experience whatsoever and we were attacked by a great warrior, Nino, and we were under fire for over 4 hours. I remember being outside shooting and shivering ... That moment all you can think of is how you're gonna get out of there alive. It's really violent, tough, grenades blowing, the bullets whistling past my head. That moment you don't think about anything really. You think about your son, who is in Portugal and probably safe and sound in his bed; you think about the local children who are not so well, in the underground shelters, victims of that horrible situation.

And when I managed to run to our shelter I realized that most of the men of my battalion, those young men of 19-20 years olds, were not fighting at all, they were kneeling on the floor, crying and praying, so that when I arrived I started kicking them come on, on your feet, up you go, let's go, fighting! And they went like: "oh, we are charging the ammunitions..." but they just kept crying and praying, on the floor... But it was better that way, because when we shoot in the evening, the enemy can spot our position..

The war is something... the logic of the war is an ugly logic. I am under the impression that people who never fought seem to picture it the wrong way,

which is to try and spot the excesses. Like those stories of the guy who opened the womb of a pregnant woman to extract the foetus out, and all that... people are looking for those atrocities to justify just how horrible and criminal the war is. Well, I must confess I have not done any massacres, nor do I know anyone who has participated in them. But the war does not need that in order to be an ugly and evil thing. The logic of the war is a dirty logic. The successes and failures of the war as counted from the dead enemies; it's losses-based logic. The war is something essentially bad, no matter what war it is.

Extracts from the book *Massacres in the Colonial War*, edited by José Ribeiro:

On December 16th villages of Wiriyamu and Juway were bombed, and the troops stepping out of the helicopter shot at the inhabitants.

The operation was spread to the nearby village of Chawola, where the whole population was assembled and fired at, including women and children. The huts were ransacked and set ablaze.

They gathered the dead bodies and incinerated them. 53 were found.

(...)

On the Chawola village, the population was forced to clap while the *commandos* shot at them. Then, the corpses were covered in grass and set on fire. (...)

In the villages of Wiriyamu and Juwau another retaliation method was employed: men were separated from the women, many of whom kept their little children, some babies still. The *commandos* chose who they pleased amongst the two groups, and those who had been called walked into the centre and, while everybody was watching, were gunned down. Many

children were thus killed, in the arms of their mothers. When it happened that once some victim or another managed to survive the first charge, the *commandos* congratulated them and invited them to leave. While they were running towards the thicket, they were machine-gunned.

Some children were kicked to death. One of them was a nine month little girl, whose mother Vaina had been executed shortly before. Others — around ten — were held by their legs and hurled in to the ground or against the trees.

A soldier asked a pregnant woman, named Zostina, whether she was carrying a boy or a girl. As she answered she didn't know, her womb was cut open with a machete and the foetus was violently extracted and shown to her, so that she would "know". Straight after, they were both burned. (Amaro, 1976. Translated for this performance by Mariana Avelãs)

A Judge asked José why he, being so committed to revealing the truth about this operation, did not collect more testimonies of the civilians, and he said: why don't you bring them from the dead so I can listen to them!

We received an amnesty, which really rendered him furious, because he wanted to know if he had been acquitted or not, that amnesty was nothing.

Because, overall, he does not forget that the person who signed the decree suing him for editing this book was the then President of the Republic, general Ramalho Eanes.

My personal history is also related to Tête in Mozambique, but that is a story I am not going to share here today.

end of the Colonial War Scene. Return to table.

I ask him how he became a bookseller and editor, and he says:

Yes, it is a funny story, because there were no books in my house, my mother didn't know how to write – no, that's not correct, there were two books - one of them I never knew how it ended up there, a volume of Decades of Asia of João de Barros – and the other was Voyage to the Centre of the Earth, from Jules Verne, which became a sort of my pillow book...

And, while he was telling me this, I picked up a book which are in fact a series of stapled sheets, and asked: José, do you know this book?

3. A List

He puts on his glasses and attentively examines the manuscript: “Where did you get this? This is amazing..! “Relação das Obras, cuja circulação esteve proibida em Portugal durante o Regime Salazar/Marcello Cateano...” This is a list of forbidden books during the dictatorship! June 1974, National Association of Editors and Booksellers – I was the president of this association! How come I can't remember this?”

Yes, indeed José and his fellow editors were responsible for compiling this list of forbidden books – not every forbidden book is here, but the list is quite long and it claims to be an accurate and extensive account of most books that were banned by the state censorship.

I came across this List of Forbidden Books at Senate House Library, in London. I was the first person ever to request this item from that library, and had to wait a while for them to bring it from stacks.

This document was produced in June 1974, roughly one and a half months after the revolutionary coup of the 25th of April 1974. There was a sense of urgency in bringing to light the actions of the Fascist regime that had remained invisible for forty eight years.

They state important things in their introduction, namely their choice of keeping the misspellings of the censors and their will to denounce the cultural crimes of the regime. Interestingly, they apologise for using different kinds of paper – as you can see the colours and textures are indeed different. Because, nonetheless, as they describe, despite the lack of paper, they wanted to denounce these crimes.

There are all sorts of books forbidden. Like Pamela Moore's *Chocolates for Breakfast* – which I thought was a cooking book, but no, it is really about the sexual awakening of a woman –and also openly subversive books like *The Abc of Communism*, Rosa Luxembour, Lenin, of course, and also Racine – which sounded like Lenin, or the *Manual of Reinforced Concrete* – because in Portuguese “reinforced” reads as “armed” – so, armed, arms, weapons, censorship, of course! And Lúcia, José's wife, cried: ‘*Manual of Reinforced Concrete* is an engineering book!, but they didn't care – or the *Petit Larousse* – because in Portuguese La Russe sounds like Russia – and anything coming from there was potentially censored...’ And many Portuguese

authors; and all the newspapers and magazines which mentioned critically Portugal and its regime; and the *Guide of Portugal* from Franz Villier, of course...

In tribute to that act of resistance, (*standing up*)

of leaving one's house to deliberately buy one of the books mentioned in this list, and consciously knowing it was subversive, an illegal act, or not really knowing what one was purchasing. Like my mother who bought her books in a bookshop where the man used to tell her "I have something for you here" and would discretely pass on the book to her under the counter, without her even knowing what it was until she went back home and realised that it was, for example, *Coimbra 1969* (about the big students' protests in 1969)...

In tribute to that, let us freely share some of these formerly forbidden books and let's make a toast to reading!

(*distributes books to the audience*)

You can read aloud, you can share if you don't like an author, you can swap books, you can read them all and you can read none – all of that is allowed here. Isn't it amazing to be able to read and share aloud, as opposed to a time when such a seemingly simple act was forbidden?

4. Mobile Library

José Ribeiro describes also the role that the mobile libraries of the Gulbenkian Foundation have played in his literary education. These libraries would arrive in a

Citroen H van, normally grey, and would reach many places where people had never held a book in their hands.

(Library van)

And José is not the only one. Aurora Rodrigues, of whom I will speak in detail later, also mentioned how important these libraries were to her. She said it was really difficult for her to return the books, so she would go every week and request always the same ones, so she could feel she owned them.

Arriving every two weeks to the village where José Ribeiro lived, he describes how he was the kid that came by to read always, always; the one who requested more books; who returned more books. And he also says that besides all that, the staff of these libraries was almost all poets, and it was with them that José learned and became, himself, a poet.

(Displays poetry books by José Ribeiro)

(Goes to microphone)

5. A sort of epilogue: another kind of resistance

I like R., the historian I have mentioned here because he always gives me clues about things I had not thought of. He mentions a kind of forgotten form of resistance, a kind of resistance within the resistance. In an almost typified environment of militancy, where the songs listened to would mainly be political songs, he says:

Music was very important, because it was an expression of culture and, as such, an act against obscurantism and fascism – for example, the importance in general terms of rock as an expression of liberation. So, when school

finished, I had a friend in Manutenção Street, in Coimbra, who had this huge vinyl collection and had a huge stereo – I had but a little tape recorder – and he had the complete discography of those bands – maybe not even bands I liked that much but I liked it there because it was played with good quality – Led Zeppelin, for example, that was kind of heavy metal... And I remember finishing my school day and going past a political meeting where the songs heard were those kind of political songs, which were very formal aesthetically speaking. And I remember afterwards going to the house of this guy and listening to Led Zeppelin, like, at full volume! And this was truly a hidden side, because, really, this small pleasure of the Led Zeppelin I could not tell it to my comrades, or else it would have been seen as bourgeois degeneracy, so I had to live a parallel life...

...but what happens is that nowadays when I come to meet some of those former comrades it seems like we all had similar experiences, we were all hiding to listen to rock and roll, because we were all in a way putting a lid on parts of our lives, for we needed to find those spaces of liberation...

(returns to the desk)

Simone de Beauvoir visited her sister Hélène in Portugal in 1945. Arriving from a country coming out of a world war, having lived the cruel experience of collaborationism and the informers, she reaches Lisbon dressed almost in rags, poor and hungry, and no soon she finds herself in rich receptions in the French embassy and etc. Where among other delicatessen, she is served fresh fish, to which she comments “Oh, my God, fresh fish”, a commentary not appreciated, for it was a

commentary of someone who was poor, and those things were to be kept hidden in Portugal – poverty and all that. Simone de Beauvoir has written about Portugal in her diary *Force of Circumstance*,

And all that nonsense about the mystery and the melancholy of the Portuguese soul! Out of seven million Portuguese, there are seventy thousand who have enough to eat; the Portuguese are sad because they're hungry (de Beauvoir, 1968: 34)

Simone de Beauvoir, of course, had all her books inscribed in this *List of Forbidden Books* during Salazar and Marcello Caetano's regime.

To be continued...

(pause: Salazar's speech)

#2: Invisible Archives of the Portuguese Dictatorship and Revolution

We continue now with the performance of yet another item of the Special Collection of the Living Museum of Small, Forgotten and Unwanted Memories, still on the recent history of Portugal, that seemingly small country near Spain.

Part 1 - Portugal 1926-1974

We are still looking for the reasons for the length of the Portuguese Dictatorship, in fact one of the most long lasting dictatorships in the world – forty eight years, between 1926 and 1974. One could ask – because I think we haven't yet given a straight answer to this - what made the people of a country endure forty eight years of oppression, censorship, outlawing of the right to strike and demonstrate, imprisonment and torture. We have pointed several factors so far – such as the general illiteracy of the population, and a forced obscurantism – but we have not dwelt upon the fatherly figure – similar to a saviour – of Oliveira Salazar, the dictator who ruled until 1970 (then succeeded by Marcello Caetano, the dauphin of the regime).

We have also not addressed the construction that has taken place during the *Estado Novo/ New State* Dictatorship, based on a narrative of nation's rebirth, of its economy, self-esteem, and inevitably, its colonial empire, which had to be kept and maintained regardless of international pressure and several resolutions of the UN assembly. After all (and we have mentioned this already) Portugal was NOT a small country.

In this biography of Salazar, published in 1970, Hugh Kay writes:

When Salazar came to power, Portugal was a bad joke in the European chancelleries, her currency worthless, her army an obsolete remnant, the nation fragmented and beggared. Within a few years, Salazar had balanced the budget,

Ah, the narrative, one of the favourites, about the safes full of gold...

...restored the currency, started to build a modern army, constructed thousands of homes. He kept his country out of Second World War [...]. The other side of the coin is the story of political repression and the frustrations of opposition, with particular stress on police activity, censorship and allegedly rigged elections [...].

And he concludes,

it is of course essential to judge Salazar's regime in the Portuguese context, and not by reference to an arbitrary external standard (Kay, 1970: 6-7)

When he says, *it is of course essential to judge Salazar's regime in the Portuguese context* – one may have asked – why? And what context would that be? It seems indeed that foreign countries participated in the construction of the idea of exceptionality of the Portuguese regime, of the Portuguese soul even. For instance, the idea that the Portuguese regime was not as bad as others, and therefore

exceptional. This is the same exceptionality attributed to the Portuguese colonial regime. The better colonialism, despite its colonialism...

All of this has undoubtedly helped the regime to sustain itself for so long. Fernando Rosas points out in this book several other reasons for that duration, which he calls an 'art'. And he mentions specifically an efficacious combination of the "preventive violence and the punitive violence" (Rosas, 2012: 210).

Because I consider that part of this violence was silenced and rendered invisible to the point that many use those erasures as a means to level the memory of the regime. I have named this performance-lecture "Invisible Archives of the Portuguese Dictatorship", and combined it with materials from another lecture called "On Persisting Silence – notes on aspects of political and state violence during the Dictatorship and its Aftermath."

And, here we go.

Things were done mainly where no one could see them.

That is why writing lists, pamphlets, making inscriptions on the walls, crying out loud when being arrested, saying (*recites names from pamphlet*) – were crucial actions, a matter of life and death.

Also, in Portugal and for forty-eight years, exercising political activity of some sort, thinking about politics, reading about politics, were considered subversive actions, which readily endorsed the muscled action of the political police. Salazar has referred to this muscled action (which included things like the sleep deprivation torture, the

statue torture or the applying a Truth Serum to the prisoners) “a couple of timely shakes on those sinister creatures.”

Or, I would add, gentle manners...

1. Gentle Manners

PIDE was the name given to the political police created by the regime. The acronym stands for International Police of State Defense. The regime greatly depended on this organization to guarantee the functioning of the state, neutralizing all opposition and so-called subversive actions.

There was a PIDE headquarters in every city – for example, in Lisbon (*FOTO*), or in Porto (*FOTO*). Here in this book, *Portrait of the Portuguese Dictatorship*, written by a man exiled due to the regime (Edgar Rodriguez), can read in the subtitle to the PIDE headquarters in Porto, “House of Death, Heroismo Street, Porto”. Or in Coimbra, also, a woman who lived just by side of the headquarter, describes her memories of the screams, and how the PIDE agents turned the music louder when interrogating someone. This woman would later have his brother arrested in the Aljube prison in Lisbon, for subversive actions, and during three years, he knitted this bag for her to do her shopping – and she kept it ever since.

People could either be caught at home, or they be arrested by a PIDE agent waiting for them in the street, like José Dias Coelho, painter and militant of the communist party, killed by a PIDE agent at a corner in Alcântara, in Lisbon. Or like this Miss Laurentina da Conceição Silva, they could receive a letter asking them to go to the headquarter – This was in Porto on the 23rd of April 1946.

She had no way of knowing that almost precisely thirty years later, a revolutionary coup would overthrow the regime that eventually tortured her. But thirty years was such a long time to go still...

We have today many testimonies gathered in several books, historical investigations, and even theatre plays and films, which tell us of the brutality of the political police (*displays several books*). It is still difficult for a country like Portugal to come to terms with that aspect of its past – maybe for any country? Especially if much of the construct of Portuguese identity is based upon this idea of *gentle manners*, of kindness, neutrality and passivity.

For example, we know that women under interrogation were generally humiliated by being asked to take off their clothes several times, in exposed places, being afterwards hit by women as well as man officers. And there was the infamous Madalena, or nicknamed Leninha, the female PIDE agent known for her brutality towards women, who beat them up furiously to bleed.

Maria da Conceição Matos Abrantes, for example, arrested on the 21st of April 1965 describes how the police came to her house at 4.30 in the morning, tearing up the pictures of her son, which I found curious, as I had not read about anything like that (in Latin America, yes, the military did that, tearing up pictures, disappearing bodies, traces and evidences of the murdered.) She also describes how they undressed her and took pictures of her; how they called her a whore and said that she was good for

nothing... After being beaten up and sleep tortured, she was having hallucinations, which is the normal physical reaction to sleep deprivation. She writes,

First they took my cardigan, then my shirt, then my skirt to wipe the faeces and urine because in the days and nights I was there I wasn't allowed to go to the toilet - not even to wash my hands. Serra, the PIDE, then tried to force me to take my clothes soaked in urine and vomit to the bathroom. I refused point blank. Before I started having to relieve myself on the floor, I still had hope that they would change their minds. So I held it in until the very last moment. That resulted in permanent damage. Even when they took me to Caxias Prison I stopped being able to hold my bladder. I would urinate as I walked the halls. (...)

That morning my period came. It was like that, stained with menstrual blood, I walked around all day – not being able to wash myself; I then went to Caxias Prison. I was placed in the same room, and continued to be in isolation. I felt like I was going mad. I lost my voice, I could not utter one word. (...)

Madalena started kicking me and pulling my nose, hitting me on the face. One of the PIDE then appeared saying he wanted to see me naked. She replied that there was no point in seeing a piece of shit like me naked, that for the communists anything would do, as long as it had a hole and it moved. She added, "We better go. This fucking whore, this piece of shit, is not saying anything, she doesn't talk. If I stay here any longer I'll end up tearing her apart."

And she concludes:

I was in complete isolation for two months. I had no lawyer, no pencils, no paper, no books – absolutely nothing that would help me occupy my time.

(in Manuel, Alexandre, Carapinha Rogério and Neves, Dias, 1977.

Translated for this performance by Rita Jorge.)

She had no way of knowing that almost precisely 9 years later, a revolutionary coup would overthrow the regime that was torturing her. But 9 years was such a long time to go still...

Aida Paula, another militant, clandestine militant, of the communist party, describes in this book how during her first arrest by the PIDE she kept a small fishbone and would inscribe on the walls of her cell messages of hope to those who would come – ‘courage, comrade; hold your head up, comrade; don’t give up, comrade’. Later, when she was again imprisoned by the PIDE, it was too dangerous to write on the walls, but Aida Paula kept nonetheless a small fishbone after dinner and inscribed poems of resistance in the air, some of which she was able to remember when she was released from prison, like this one:

hands in hands

a gesture of courage

..

to continue the journey

with the courage of one who wants to win

(Paula, 1974)

Invisibility was also under way here. The prisoners' names were not revealed anywhere, newspapers were censored, and whenever news of an arrest was published it was greatly modified to seem as if the subversives were tamed by the heroic action of the police. If a person read the newspapers it seemed like there was no crime and no opposition to the regime, that is why we can still listen to slogans like, "In Salazar's time it was much better, it was safer, there was no crime" – No, in Salazar's time there was something called censorship that is why we can't judge Salazar's time by what was being written in the newspapers.

Also, the omission of certain crucial data – like the fact that a person had died at the headquarters of the police, or pretending it was a suicide when it had in fact been a murder – was also a way of rendering repression invisible.

2. A List

The National Commission of Aid to the Political Prisoners was formed in 1969, within a legal frame – although precarious, which didn't prevent them from being also persecuted by the PIDE. They issued reports on all people arrested, condemned by the courts and tortured. They also provided legal and economic aid to the families of the prisoners and organised summer camps for the children. In this book called – Political Prisoners – documents 1970-1971 – they urge people to defy invisibility, claiming:

The public information regarding the police repression is one of the main tasks of this commission... To render this information effective you should

not keep it to yourself – tell it to a friend, send a letter – but choose the ones who are the farthest away from this problem. (Castro et al., 1972: 63)

3. Interrogation

The PIDE was trained by distinct coaches, namely the CIA and the Gestapo and had perfected its own methods and built its repertoire of torture techniques.

The sleep deprivation torture was one of the favourites, sometimes coupled with the statue torture, where the prisoner was forbidden to move. There are records of prisoners spending sixteen days without sleep, and beyond, over 450 hours.

In the sleep torture, the prisoner was prevented from sleeping through various methods: by being brutally beaten, by being forced to run despite extreme fatigue, by being awoken in the rare moments when falling asleep by having a pencil stick into his ears or nose until bleeding, or by having an agent banging his fist on the table (which for a person who hasn't slept for several days is like a lightning bolt on his ears). There are also accounts of loudspeakers disguised in the room, from which screams were broadcast or other noises to confuse the prisoner.

Then, specific tactics would be performed depending on a person's history, for example, giving a gun to a prisoner and asking him to shoot himself. ('Don't you want to kill yourself? Come on, you're good for nothing, you already denounced your comrades, come on, just do it' – he did NOT kill himself). Or showing a woman her disfigured partner and asking, 'do you know who this is? (she didn't recognize him: no); oh, you don't know who this is? And this lighter, do you know whose lighter this is..? It was her partner's lighter. Yes, now you know, he said your name, so might just as well talk, you bitch, just talk, you are good for nothing – she did not talk, however.'

Or writing something on a paper and hiding it in the pocket quickly, so the prisoner would think he had already made an unwilling confession – at this point the prisoner would be at the verge of a nervous breakdown.

PIDE agents were said to come and go at different times, and the prisoner lost complete track of time. The meals would be served at random times, also to create this feeling of confusion. There are also accounts of the PIDE agents coming straight from a disco to the interrogation, smelling like perfume and bragging about their romantic conquests, which contrasted with the prisoner deprived of his right even to a bath or to toilet paper and increasing his feeling of isolation and hopelessness. And then the agents would take turns and assume different parts. The classic parts were the ‘good’ and the ‘bad’ PIDE. The latter would come round first and savagely beat up the prisoner. The ‘good’ PIDE would come next and comfort the prisoner and, if he was a male, tell him they were both men and could discuss as men – “The inspector general is very understanding; he knows your feelings. Why would you be killing yourself for people who are not worth it? You just have to sign some papers and you can have a rest...would you like that?”

This was normally very effective further along the process of sleep torture, when the prisoner was most vulnerable emotional and physically. Many cases of people who gave information to the PIDE under torture – generally referred to as ‘talking at the PIDE’, we say, “Falar na PIDE” – happened indeed during an interrogation by a ‘good’ PIDE in a moment of exhaustion.

4. Conduct

The pattern of correct behaviour or conduct in the PIDE was set through the conduct of political prisoners, namely of the PCP, throughout the years, which was the more organized and the greatest force of resistance to the regime up to the 1960's.

It has been mentioned that it was Francisco Miguel, a historic PCP militant who first set out the conduct of 'NOT SPEAKING AT ALL'. He refused to declare any information, he refused to agree that he was a communist, he refused to sign any document. This attitude turned into the main conduct model for the political prisoners, and Álvaro Cunhal, the historic leader of the PCP, distilled it into a document called "If you are arrested, comrade..." first issued in 1947, a manual of how to behave and resist in the PIDE.

It starts like this:

If you are arrested, comrade, a big responsibility will befall you. You will have to keep on defending your party, your comrades, your ideal, but under very different circumstances for you will be isolated at hands of the enemy, subject to his insults and violence. If you are arrested, comrade, the struggle you will wage will not end. (...) You will have to test your honor as man and your firmness as a communist. (PCP, 1963)

The booklet then describes in detail the different steps of interrogation and torture – the first interrogation, the incommunicability, the nice behaviour of the police and its promises (the good and bad PIDE), the weapons of the police, slander. They also describe usual tactics used by the police, like stating that the prisoners have denounced already, or that the party is destroyed and everyone was arrested. The booklet culminates with the statement: **"In the police only those who want do talk."**

That is perhaps one of the reasons why those who managed to resist without talking are still so proud of themselves like Aida Paula – in her successive imprisonments she never gave in any information.

‘Talking’ in the PIDE, disclosing information meant not only denouncing other people, who would be arrested, but it also meant that that person had failed in his or her revolutionary quest, and that the party would forever cast aside that person as a traitor. It meant the destruction of the political and personal identity of the one who had ‘talked’. Like it is stated in this book, “they will become despicable individuals”, “their names will be marked as equal to indignity, cowardice and betrayal.”

The ones who ‘talked’ could never quite get back on their feet again. And, in a sense, this is an enduring victory of the regime, which aim was not to kill – which was embarrassing in Europe and the whole construct of *gentle manners* had to be kept. However, it was rather the destruction of the political will, initiative and identity of the individuals, and severing them from their peers. The word that comes up in many investigations and testimonies is: **depersonalisation**.

Miguel Cardina summarizes this issue by saying that torture, “not only attacked the militant’s body but also one’s identity” (Cardina, 2013).

Even though this was published by the PCP, many revolutionary read it, and used it as a manual for proper behaviour,

Like, for example:

Francisco Martins Rodrigues, a dissident of the Portuguese Communist Party, who founded a political organisation of Maoist inspiration during the 60’s, the FAP. He

tells in this book what happened to him during his last imprisonment and torture by the PIDE (Martins Rodrigues, 2008).

He was arrested for the death of a PIDE informant infiltrated in his organisation (who had been responsible for the imprisonment of dozens of militants also of the PCP). Francisco and two of his comrades had executed this man.

When the PIDE caught them, they wanted to revenge the death of their agent and so they were savagely beaten up and tortured – they were also given a truth serum or some kind of drugs. Francisco writes in this testimony in detail the process of hallucinations and loss of sense of reality deriving from these tortures and how he was so exhausted and not understanding what he was saying or doing anymore, confirmed some facts to the police, signing up some papers, without being aware of what he was signing. He describes a “confuse feeling of not being able to defeat them, that their will was superior to his own, that his task was to give in.” That is, he ‘talked’ at the PIDE.

When describing his capitulation he says, “I was not armed to victoriously face the enemy, contrary to what I had believed.”

And he concludes: “I am seeking to reconstruct myself as a communist militant.” (76).

We know today that Francisco, never recovered morally from having ‘talked’ at the PIDE, something that would haunt him until the end of his life, like a friend of mine who visited him in the hospital close to his death told me. He confessed to her: ‘that’s the one thing I cannot forgive myself and I cannot forget.’

5. Aurora Rodrigues

When Aurora was released from prison and arrived home, her father told her bluntly:

“If you had ‘talked’, you would never come into this house again.”

Aurora Rodrigues published recently – in 2011 - her testimony of being imprisoned by the PIDE and tortured during three months (sixteen consecutive days of sleep torture).

What prompted her to give her testimony was something she read in Irene Pimentel’s book – *The History of PIDE* (2011). While referring to members of the extreme left-wing political party to which Aurora belonged to back then – MRPP - Irene Pimentel quotes directly the words of PIDE General Inspector Óscar Cardoso, saying that these were: “the bad children of good families.”

And Aurora wasn’t pleased.

She was not only outraged by the fact that Pimentel was quoting directly as a primary source a man who had tortured her, who had shown her the same lighter of the disfigured man and who had asked her, do you know whose is this lighter? – a man who Aurora described as a perpetrator and a torturer, who showed that lighter as a trophy. She was also outraged by the injustice of the description of ‘the bad children of good families’, given that herself had come from a poor family which could hardly be considered as a ‘good family’ in the sense that Oscar Cardoso had mentioned. She consequently decided to call two scholars who are currently investigating political memory and said: ‘I would like to give you my testimony.’ Over the course of a weekend, they settled in a house where this testimony was recorded and later transcribed and revised, until it became this book. We learn of Aurora’s upbringing

and awakening to political and social issues, and how she started her political activity at Law School, in Lisbon.

University students were in fact one of the biggest targets of state repression in the later period of the Portuguese Dictatorship.

Since 1961, Portugal was waging a Colonial War in the African occupied territories. Young people were gaining a deeper awareness of the irrationality of this war they didn't want to fight in, as well as of the general repression and lack of freedom in Portuguese society, especially when compared to the social and political movements in other countries – for example the May 1968, in France, the demonstrations against Vietnam in the US. Actually, in Lisbon the 21st of February was traditionally a day of demonstration against the colonial war and also the war in Vietnam.

At a point in her testimony, Aurora describes how she had been beaten up so violently that the PIDE agents themselves were afraid they might have killed her. They made her lie on a couch and she could sense they were afraid of how bad she looked. They gave her some balm to put on the bruises, she could hardly open her eyes, but they wouldn't give her a mirror, so she doesn't know how she truly looked. She saw everything red, so supposedly she was bleeding from her eyes. She wasn't allowed to see her family until the bruises were healed. She says, however, the bruises in her legs have never healed until today – you can still see the marks. They defied invisibility.

After finally giving her testimony and recording it in 2010, Aurora started suffering from what the doctors diagnosed as post-traumatic stress and had to receive treatment. Thirty eight years had passed since her arrest by the PIDE.

6. Ribeiro Santos

(plays song. Tribute to Ribeiro Santos)

This record is a tribute to a young man called Ribeiro Santos.

While I was growing up, I could see in different places the name Ribeiro Santos – although I can't quite say precisely where. Maybe on different murals that I remember all over Lisbon. They are gone today, replaced by commercial ads to mobile phones, or simply by graffiti of some kind.

I remember the murals alluding to Ribeiro dos Santos and about him being a student, murdered by the Political Police – the PIDE, that is. Because my contact with Ribeiro dos Santos was through his painted image on the walls, I could never quite envision his face, and it was all quite unreal. When I was looking for pictures of him, I could only find this same drawing, over and over again – this is the image that has been passed on, this is how history will always picture this young man, shot at the age of 26 by the PIDE, when he was leaving an anti-imperialism meeting at the University of Economics in Lisbon. After much research I could finally find his picture. He looks exactly the same. I think it's OK to recall him like this.

Aurora Rodrigues was just beside him when he was killed, and until today she could never overcome his death. She still remembers what he was wearing. She describes how this death actually spurred the students into action, how hundreds of people gathered for his funeral. Aurora states that half Lisbon was there (records mention, indeed, about between two and five thousand people). Ribeiro Santos had become a symbol of the struggle against repression. The students tried to carry the coffin on

their back to the cemetery, but the police took over and the coffin was carried in a funerary car – and they were forbidden from following. The police hit and arrested people.

Aurora describes how she ran until she reached the cemetery gates, which were already closed. She jumped a wall together with four friends. ‘At the funeral there were only PIDE agents! Only PIDE agents!, and people who hadn’t been at the demonstration – who were those people?? They were singing the national anthem.’ Aurora and her friends stared calling out: Murderers! Murderers! Murderers!

When she was arrested, three days later, the PIDE agents made sure to remind her of the shouted words.

And now my personal tribute to Ribeiro Santos: (*song: Livre, by Manuel Freire*)

A plaque has been inaugurated to mark the 40th anniversary of his death. The street where he had lived- and where people gathered after his death - had already his name.

It was precisely there that my mother went to a demonstration marking his death, on October 1972, shortly after his funeral.

6. My mother

She was actually a quiet and nice girl, top of the class at school. (*Photographs*) She wasn’t involved in politics, at least not directly and actively. Although, when I ask her further, she did say that her political awareness began with my grandfather – how he

would listen to a clandestine radio called Radio Moscow. In fact, on Thursdays at 10.30pm, Radio Moscow broadcasted in Portuguese. And my grandfather listened.

On the 14th of October 1972, my mother received a pamphlet at the university campus, stating that the student Ribeiro dos Santos had been murdered and summoning all for a demonstration. It states that the death of Ribeiro dos Santos was no accident, that he was murdered by the PIDE.

My mother went to this demonstration, which she still remembers.

She is usually very modest about her contribution to resistant acts within the dictatorship, maybe out of respect for the ones who were imprisoned and tortured – which she wasn't. But when I finally had the chance to interview her on her political activities before and after the revolution, I learned new accounts of her invisible actions. I knew about the books of course – the purchase of forbidden books. Actually, we had many of the books in the list I previously mentioned. I had also heard my father calling her a Maoist once – and he didn't mean it as a compliment... That explains all sorts of Chinese books I remember we had and several issues of Maoist magazines I still have in my archives.

What I found most interesting, and I wasn't aware of before was how she would often 'lend' her flat for clandestine meetings. She would give the key to some people, and leave the house for a couple of hours while they had their meeting. The same house where, years later, we had the Guernica, by Picasso up on the wall – like so many other revolutionary homes in the aftermath of the revolution.

And now, a historical leap. To the aftermath.

(Song: Chico Buarque, tanto Mar version1)

Part 2 – Revolution and Revolutionary Process (brief accounts)

In the evening of the 25th of April 1974, a thoroughly organized coup by young officers of the Armed Forces overthrew the Fascist Regime in Portugal. It was bloodless and gentle, in a way, and its symbol today is still a red carnation. The ‘Carnation Revolution’.

There is a feeling of impunity and lack of justice, concerning the crimes of the political police and state repression during the dictatorship. There is a feeling that mostly the PIDE and its agents, informers, collaborators, were not brought to justice. Some were arrested, but were set free shortly afterward. Most high ranking PIDE agents flew to Brazil and other parts of the world, like South Africa and Spain, where they had a nice time. Or, if there were trials and justice they were not really known.

In fact, a process of official transitional justice is something Portugal never underwent, like other post-dictatorial regimes, and maybe that is the reason for this general feeling of impunity, of what José Gil has named the non-inscription in collective memory.

But actually one has to mention an attempt: Portugal had from 1978 onwards the Commission of the Black Book of the Fascist Regime, which was a research commission to compile documents on several aspects of the regime and produce over twenty volumes. Its section on the political prisoners takes six volumes.

However, they have not concluded their work because in 1991, by decree of the Prime Minister – Cavaco Silva, the ex-President of the Republic – this commission was extinguished. The decree which extinguishes it declares that this investigation should be left to the historians “who are willing to do it in their own specialized activity”. And so the memory and history of the regime became issues of specialists, and this book became a rare item that no one knows or cares about anymore.

This was accompanied by subtle – and other not so subtle – attempts to soften and rehabilitate the memory of the regime, trying to inscribe it in the lineage of soft regimes, not exactly fascist ones. Just in 2007, Salazar won a television show contest for the most outstanding Portuguese ever.

This has been followed by a tendency to detract the revolutionary process following the 25th of April coup...

This might be a way to deal with a shameful repressive past, but I am not sure...

Epilogue: removal of a plaque

Prior to the story of the plaque, there is the story of the building. The former headquarters of the political police in Lisbon was turned into a luxury condo in 2005 – despite the public outcry.

The only sign of some sort of memorialisation had been a plaque paying tribute to four people killed by the PIDE on the day of the revolution – the only victims of an almost bloodless revolution. Again, the plaque contained a list – the list of names of those killed.

The plaque was later removed to an almost invisible place. The plaque was painted over. Several times. The plaque was left to fade until its text was almost illegible. The plaque was restored to its original place, which is nonetheless not a central place.

And finally, in March 2014, the plaque was stolen, just prior to the 49th anniversary of the 25th of April commemoration. I found this quite an interesting theft.

The Municipality tried their best to locate the plaque to no success, until finally they got a new one made and replaced it on time for the commemoration of the 40th anniversary of the revolution.

I was worried. During those thirty days of absence of this small plaque I was thinking: If you pass by this building just now, you may never know what really happened there for forty eight years. The screams cannot be heard anymore. The files are gone. The devices used to torture are gone. The cells are gone. The couch where Aurora Rodrigues awoke after being beaten up is gone too.

You just couldn't tell.

But Portugal is not country specialized in memory sites or memory altogether. For example, behind this building site there is the plaque signalling the spot where Ribeiro Santos was murdered. A small plaque, but worthwhile existing.

The same Ribeiro Santos I found again in 2014 on a wall in Cais do Sodré, in Lisbon.

Only to see it painted over just two weeks after. My friend who sent me this picture wrote: "What a shame, I don't think they know who he was."

Today, upon that same spot, the wall has been painted over in white and that mural – a connection to a forgotten past – is gone, again. Will it come up on other walls, in other cities...?

This is still to be answered.

This investigation continues, in order to render the invisible visible...

History is the fruit of power. The ultimate mark of power may be its invisibility; the ultimate challenge, the exposition of its roots. (Michel-Rolph Trouillot)

And now the last song of this part. You can sing along if you want.

(Song: Somos Livres; audience receives carnations)

#3 Broken Portuguese

(Sound of turistic lisbon)

Lisbon, this light-hearted open city could not tell about the secrets that were being forged at night – revolutions happen at dawn, someone said. One month before, in March, a failed attempt by the armed forces had already taken place. When would the next one take place? People wondered...

Talking about an avenue called “Liberty” in Lisbon, Phil Mailer, an Irish teacher living in Portugal for many years, recalls, “I’d often walked this avenue conscious of the irony of its name and feeling oppressed as hell.” (Mailer, 1977: 45)

Tonight, the military will stage a coup, the way a theatre play is staged – to the smallest detail. Some performers were already cast while others were still to be surprised by a forced casting, to which they, nonetheless, offered little resistance.

(music zeca afonso: Canção do Mar)

‘This is the dawn I had awaited, the initial day, whole and cleansed, where we emerge from the night and from the silence’ (Sophia de Mello Breyner, 1977)

This performance is called *Broken Portuguese*.

1.

Much of what happened in the early morning of the revolution was in fact about communications. It was about soldiers, captains, officers being able to take hold of radio stations and the state television, which was difficult, due to a soldier who alone, in Monsanto, had hidden an important piece of technical equipment for the television broadcast in the house of a dog, feared by everyone...

The coup depended upon two signals being broadcasted by two different radio stations, and of communiqués being read in the morning, advising people not to go out and reporting on the coup. Everyone of the forced casting seemed to be working late when they were surprised by a movement which origin no one really knew at first, whether left or right wing, pro or against the regime, or if it was a coup staged by the even more radical right-wings, the ultras...

2.

Despite all the arrangements in the radios, newspapers and television, the city was asleep. I was asleep. Still. Mother and father hadn't met yet. He was to come by ship from Mozambique later that month. I would be prematurely born exactly 8 months and 3 days later, also in the evening.

I don't know if my generation can be called the 'children of the dawn', but I would like that.

(music zeca afonso: Canção do Mar)

It is five minutes to eleven pm and tonight is April 24th, and there is a signal in the radio. The presenter states the time and announces a specific song and this is the beginning of the revolutionary coup.

(music zeca afonso: Canção do Mar)

Two days before, on April 22, journalist João Paulo Dinis, who worked for two radio stations, is approached by an officer of the air force, who invites him to listen to some records he had brought from Israel. João Paulo was indeed interested in world music and meets this officer in a car, but not fully trusting him, keeps his leg out of the car in case he needs to run. The officer asks for the co-operation of João Paulo for a secret

coup. João Paulo declines it, not knowing if this officer is in fact part of the political police. The officer then asks the journalist if he would consider meeting Major Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho – João Paulo had served under his command in Guinea and agrees to meet Otelo in another two weeks. The officer says two weeks is too late and that it had to be at that same night.

And so they meet at that same night, in a basement café, where João Paulo recalls seeing the forbidden singer and songwriter Zeca Afonso going up the stairs. And he thought: this is a good omen.

Otelo asks João Paulo Dinis if he will help him make a revolution. The journalist is at the loss of words. He asks: ‘what if this all goes wrong?’ And Otelo replies: ‘Não vai correr mal, se correr mal vamos presos pá! /It won’t. If it does, we end up in jail.’ Otelo asks João Paulo to launch a signal on a radio program. They discuss what song can be played. Otelo suggests Zeca Afonso, but João Paulo Dinis persuades him not to go down that road. It’s a forbidden singer, he says, we should play something that is not suspicious. And so, they decide to play the song that won the Portuguese national song contest that year, by Paulo de Carvalho, which had just been featured two weeks before in the Eurovision contest in Brighton. The record, however, wasn’t available at the radio station, and João Paulo had to purchase it.

(music Paulo de Carvalho: E depois do Adeus)

To this signal – a song that asks about whom we are and what we are doing here - a military column conducted by Salgueiro Maia, a captain that was to become one of the icons of the revolution, left Santarém, some 50km north of Lisbon, towards the Terreiro do Paço Square, in Lisbon, where all the ministers and members of the government were. This was a Wednesday.

(music zeca afonso: Canção do Mar)

3.

The ‘April captains’ had thoroughly rehearsed and prepared. For a whole month, Captain Salgueiro Maia had left his headquarters every Wednesday, with his soldiers at different hours of the day and night. He did it expressly knowing there was an agent of the military police permanently watching him that would take note of this routine. He did it so no one would find it suspicious that he would leave the headquarters in the evening of April 24th 1974, after eleven pm with more than two hundred and forty soldiers and ten combat cars under his command, towards Lisbon.

When he arrives at Terreiro do Paço Square, he describes how members of the government, as if they were trapped inside their ministries, even before they knew they were indeed trapped, waved and waved behind the windows – as if asking to be saved.

They too, had probably been listening to the radio. Maybe they had heard the first signal and hadn’t suspected. But maybe when the second signal was broadcasted they were not so sure of being safe anymore.

(music zeca afonso: Canção do Mar)

4. The second signal

The authors of the coup recall that many of their messages in preparation of the D-day were written in small yellow papers that they would then leave inside a specific book in a second-hand bookshop in Lisbon. The person to whom the message was addressed would then purchase the book, and, after reading the message, would destroy the yellow paper.

The second signal in the radio was arranged in this way too. The person who received the message was a journalist in a national newspaper called 'Republic.' All that was asked in the small yellow paper was: to transmit a specific song of Zeca Afonso at 20 past Midnight on April 25. The journalist contacted a friend who worked in the radio, the writer and journalist Carlos Albino, who was in charge of a program called *Limit*. However, the song they asked to be broadcasted was censored and could not be played in this specific radio station. They agreed upon another song, 'Grândola' which, although it had also a very political content, it was allowed.

The record, however, wasn't available at the radio station, and Carlos had to purchase it.

Carlos then met his colleague, Manuel Tomás, but because it was not safe to talk on the premises of the radio station, they went to a church nearby and, kneeling as if in a deep prayer, Carlos transmitted to Manuel what their mission was and, together, they set up a plan. It would be a poetry emission. They would read the first stanza of the song, then the song would play, then they would read another stanza, and then Carlos would write two additional poems. They called the presenter Leite de Vasconcelos, which was off that day to come and read the poems, but did not tell him anything about the coup. Just that they had some foreign friends who wanted to listen to this specific song and poems. They recorded the emission and the presenter went home, not knowing anything. At 20 past midnight, as planned, the signal was broadcasted on this radio. When this signal was heard by the military in the operation, they knew everything was going according to what had been planned – that the operation was irreversible.

(Sound of Grândola Poem read by Leite de Vasconcelos)

Later, Leite de Vasconcelos, the occasional presenter of the forced casting, when asked about what happened that night would say: ‘It was poetry, and I think that everything that happen that night, not only in the radio, was poetry.’

(music: Zeca Afonso Grândola Vila Morena)

5.

At twelve minutes past three in the morning, a group of eight military took hold of Portuguese Radio Club, one of the main radio stations operating in fm broadcast band, at a national level. They walked in through the main door and informed the doorman they were launching a military coup to overthrow the government. The doorman asked them for their identity cards. Then thinking it was a joke, let them through.

They had made previous visits to the site and had a map. They arrived straightaway to the cabinet where journalist Joaquim Furtado was preparing the four o’clock news. He recalls seeing a military holding a gun, he recalls not knowing from which side this coup was coming, he recalls a phone call he took from a colleague who asked: “who is staging this?” and him answering, “we are not sure.”

The military asked him to read a first communiqué that starts with the words:

(Communiqué)

From that moment onwards this radio, that before was called the Portuguese Radio Club, was turned into the Command Post of the Portuguese Armed Forces.

Because no one knew if the coup would win, they proposed to take a picture of journalist Joaquim Furtado with a gun against his forehead so that, if everything went wrong, he could say he had been forced to read the communiqués but that he was

really against it. But the picture was never taken, and the revolution won, so Joaquim Furtado became himself a symbol of that ‘beginning’.

Just before starting to read the first communiqué, Joaquim Furtado, very nervous, says, “I am going to make a mistake, I know it.” And he did, a really small mistake. But no one noticed it. Today, this small mistake is also part of this history.

(Joaquim Furtado’s mistake)

During the two days that this radio was the official broadcaster of the Movement of the Armed Forces, a technician broke into a cupboard where the forbidden records were stored, in order to get some more records, because the only records available were military marches. One of these marches would even become the anthem of the MFA [Movement of the Armed Forces].

(MFA March)

Many of the radio workers, who were off duty that night, and other people, even before listening to the communiqués, found it odd to hear military marches on this radio. Several phone calls were made across the city of Lisbon, late that night, “Are you listening to the radio? It’s strange, there are military marches and nothing else.”

That is why one of the technicians broke down the cupboard of the forbidden records, and that is when all the songs that could never be played before, started sounding.

(music: Fernando Tordo, O Trabalho)

7.

Meanwhile in Terreiro do Paço, captain Salgueiro Maia has an encounter with a military column who has been asked by the government to stop the revolution. The

commander of that column addresses Salgueiro Maia saying he had been asked to suppress the revolt and present himself to the ministry, but he in fact agreed with the coup. Maia tells him: 'Consider yourself in front of the ministry.' He then joined in Salgueiro Maia's contingent, while the ministers, behind the windows of the eighteenth century buildings, waved and waved, desperately, seeing their rescuers joining the enemy.

Meanwhile in Portuguese Radio Club, the telephone communications are cut off, but the military go down to the phone booth and continue receiving new communiqués, which are broadcast all day long. Because there was no communication from the outside world to the radio station, these men didn't really know if the revolution was happening. There was a point when they thought that maybe all had gone wrong and they were a kind of an island of resistance of another failed attempt like the one on March 16.

In Terreiro do Paço, Maia confronts yet another column pro regime. Brigadier Junqueira dos Reis shouts to a man in a tank to fire over Maia – “Ou dá fogo ou meto-lhe uma bala na cabeça! Shoot him, or I'll shoot you!” Seeing Maia who advances alone, his arms up towards the tank, the man shuts himself up in the tank and doesn't shoot – and it was also thanks to this, the most beautiful insurrection of the 25th of April, like Maia named it, that the coup triumphed. However, for forty years no one knew who this discrete man who refused to shoot was. He never returned to Lisbon, he also didn't sing the Grândola on April 25th, although he was happy for the liberation after the coup. In 2014 he was finally found... by some people who had been looking for him for forty years and wanted to record his name and his story (cf. Gomes and Cunha, 2014).

Meanwhile, Salgueiro Maia receives orders to go to the Carmo Barracks but he has no clue where it was; he is not from Lisbon. He asks his way around and finally manages to reach Carmo Barracks, where the old ladies who lived there approach him: ‘come to our house, from there you can have a much better view of the barracks’ and this and that... And it was also with the aid of these women that Salgueiro Maia was able to triumph.

8.

Meanwhile in the streets the day breaks and a flower seller puts a carnation on the end of a rifle of a soldier. People start to invade the streets, although they had been told in the radio to remain at home.

Phil Mailer writes in his diary:

A crowd is gathering near Rossio. Troops come towards us. What will happen? They raise their fingers in a V sign. The crowd cheer like I’ve never heard cheered before. I’d heard crowds shout in anger, but this was joy, unmitigated.
(1977: 44)

Meanwhile a journalist, Adelino Gomes, asks Salgueiro Maia if he can follow him and his men to report on the revolution. Captain Salgueiro Maia empties a tank for them to go along. The journalist, who had been prevented from working in the radio, starts recording everything he listens to, with the microphone placed on top of the tank.

On that afternoon of the 25th he would record: “I am speechless, for the first time in my life as a reporter and journalist, I had the opportunity to hear the people talking seriously, with no fears.”

(Sound of Adelino Gomes' reportage)

(Sound of the MFA Anthem)

(Dinner Interval. A 'revolutionary' knocks on the door, comes into the venue and urges people to take the streets, as they "have been sitting for 48 years")

#4 Fragments of a Revolutionary Process

‘You are late, comrades! It is about to start! The great popular assembly, right here! Take up your places! Sit together with your political party, I don’t want you mixing around with other parties, Portugal is a sectarian country! Let’s go!’

Portugal, 1974-75 – Ongoing Revolutionary Process, in Portuguese PREC – it really did happen, an utopia, an impossible dream, they say, the Cuba of Europe, the revolution down the road – in that small country. For nineteen months, men and women strove to transform reality with their own hands, in the streets, in the factories, in the fields, in schools, in the villages – everywhere – the future was now!

Jorge and T. were residents in Cova da Piedade, on the south bank of Tagus River at the time of the Ongoing Revolutionary Process. They both engaged in that process, despite not knowing of each other.

I will start with Jorge.

1. Jorge⁷

Jorge’s alias, what he called his “war name”, was Zé – there are still people today who only know him under his alias. I didn’t know him before; he came to wait for me just outside the ferry port and took me in a journey full of history, to the sound of music full of history.

Jorge: ‘It was all so short, and the memories are fading away... These are just alleys and small streets; I will turn here to tell you a story. Let’s go.

⁷ Jorge R.’s accounts from his guided tour to the formerly revolutionary spaces in Cova da Piedade and Cacilhas, on 8 June 2014.

This compound was an old factory. This used to be the house for the engineers and we occupied it to turn it in a kindergarten. This is the neighbourhood of Romeira and the neighbourhood commission asked us to occupy this for them. But you see this garden here, the people have made it themselves, I guess they understood they had that power.

And there lived one of ours, Cabral Fernandes, a guy who came from Coimbra.

But this is not yet what I truly wanted to show you.

There, that old palace was occupied and a popular health clinic was established, it was called Clinics to the People... then many revolutionary tourists came to see it, from France, Germany, England, many, many. They came to Cova da Piedade, can you imagine!? They fell in love with our revolution... but I don't know that much about the clinic, so I'll give you Ana's number and you can call her and ask her about it.

Here. Let's stop here, because from here we can see the shipyard Lisnave. I took this picture exactly from this spot on September 12 1974, in that great rally of Lisnave's workers, when they marched to Lisbon dressed in their working clothes and with their helmets. This is really an historical spot, there should be a plaque here; so many places that should be marked by a memorial plaque. It's in my memory though... and in yours also now.

But this was not yet what I truly wanted to show you.

And now to the neighbourhood where I used to live. One and a half years before the 25th of April I used to come already to this side of the river, to Cacilhas, to preach the Trotskyite transition programme to a group of workers. I was a professional revolutionary. I belonged to the LCI (Internationalist Communist League) – the

Maoists accused us, “you don't make parties you make but leagues!” and I would say, “Yeah yeah, ligas e soutiens!” (it’s difficult to translate in English, only works in Portuguese...)

Here we are. We moved here to live in the number 16, Conceição Street, 5th left. And just who were we – a group of four Trotskyites. One of ours still lives there to this day.

In 1974/75 when I went to hang the washing in the backyard I could hear coming from loads of those backyards and balconies, as if it was a chorus, that Carlos Puebla song... yes, that one...

I haven’t been here for such a long time. Because one thing is the memory we have of the events, and another thing – probably different – is what actually happened. But for me, what happened is what I remember, do you understand? Does it make sense? And the most persistent memory I have is of the neighbourhood commissions, of that golden period – what period was exactly that? Let’s see, I am not sure if it was after the (*leafs through notebook*) September 28th 1974; or maybe, after the March 11th attempt of a reactionary coup and then the revolutionary process that followed...

Look, here was the kindergarten that we built at the time with our own money and the donations of the revolutionary tourists. Here we used to hold the meetings for the neighbourhood commission. In that time we worked together – the Maoists, the Trotskyites, the Communists, the Guevarists – can you imagine? We actually were able to build a space of debate; we argued all the time, but it somehow worked! We conducted several surveys – surveys were really important during this process – take a look at the questions:

How much do you pay for the lease of your home? Do you agree? Like, are there any unemployed in your family? Why? – Asking why was something truly revolutionary. We wanted to know why things were like they were and what for?... Only the Portuguese revolution could produce such questions.

With the nationalisation of the banks – after March 11 1975 – we had a list of houses and apartments in debt or vacant, which we could occupy – we didn't just occupy for no reason, we had criteria, we only occupied houses which we considered legitimate to occupy.

When I was summoned to court because of an occupation for a man who lived with all his family in a one bedroom shanty house and who was really grateful telling us that now he could finally kiss his wife and all. When I was in court I brought my cassette, my learned speech: “Yes, we occupied, but with criteria!” – but did they care about criteria? The court just wanted to hear me say I occupied so they could take the house from the man.

Before the elections to the Constituent Assembly, I went really early to the census queue, but the PCP cell was already there! But I was next, I am the number 27 and I still vote there to the day.

Ah, this was our headquarters, of the LCI, always packed.

- How many we were in the LCI? In 1973 I think we were twenty one. But there were probably more. Really, it was amazing how few we were and how important our opinions and input seem to be, you know. Because that thing of numbers – how many people and all – I don't know, I just feel that numbers are not really representative; if that was the case, only those movements who had many members could become part

of the history and we know today that things are not exactly like that. Even if we were only few, we did things, we moved things around...

I would like to show you my cartoons, did I tell you I draw cartoons..?

I am telling you all this because I want to get into your stories, so that you can maybe tell my story.'

And I did, I told his story and that of many others....!

2. T.⁸

Alias or war names: Deolinda, Joana and Mariana. Deolinda, the name of her grandmother; Joana, the name of her best friend; and Mariana, the name she liked.

I meet her at a café in Lisbon. She brings her testimony written in a notebook:

T: I wrote everything so I don't get lost in the stories...

I used to say as a joke to my husband, one never really knows the person one sleeps with. He didn't know I was a clandestine member of OCMLP (Marxist-Leninist organisation), before the 25th of April. Actually, he was not even my husband at that time, we only got married in 1976. I was wearing this skirt actually. I didn't want a special ceremony, just something simple, because I was tired of my family saying we lived in sin...

When I left my parent's house at 20 years old, it was a complete drama for my family.

I went to live in a community in Cova da Piedade, in the south bank of Tagus. Then,

⁸ Teresa R.'s accounts from her personal interview on 26 April 2014; as well as from remarks she made on the 15 November 2014 post-performance discussion.

shortly before the 25th of April I had already left that community, was living with my husband. I was no longer a clandestine. Later, I divorced my husband, because I think we had political training, but maybe not affective and love training... Anyway.

The first things I recall after the 25th of April were the NEIPS – the Student's Nucleus of Political Intervention. I was part of then. Then, the SAAL is formed, Local Ambulatory Support Service – this was a program to solve the dire housing problems in Portugal, where a large segment of the population lived in shanty houses, and so I was part of a SAAL brigade – as we called it – together with architects and anthropologists. I was a sociologist, and my SAAL neighbourhood was an area near Santa Apolónia Station, in Lisbon, of nearly five thousand shacks.

And things were like this: I spent my entire days in that neighbourhood, working as a sociologist and also in politics, as part of the UDP, everything we did was political, really, I was there all day, so no one knew if I lived there, if I was married to someone there. I was there from morning to evening. Often I lost the last ferry to Lisbon and just slept there, because there were so many meetings, it was just meetings after meetings, after meetings. There was so much to do. Like the census, like surveys to the population – surveys were extremely important... And then I joined the demonstrations for the right for housing, and also I occupied empty houses. There was some sort of guidance or law at the time, where the Municipality had to provide a list of vacant houses that could be occupied and temporarily used for these residents of the shanty houses. And the Armed Forces supported us, of course!

For example, once in downtown Lisbon, in a fantastic apartment on the top floor, we used a crow bar to open the door, with the aid of the armed forces. And when we got in it was full of stuff, like fantastic furniture freshly arrived from the ex-colonies,

marble, silver, etc. I said: this is not right; this house should be empty! There was a phone there, so I called the owner, “Hello, excuse me, we have just occupied your house, can you come, please?” And he arrived and I said, “Your apartment is listed as being empty and ready for occupation, but it obviously is not, so... organise yourself!” And he stayed there taking care of the broken lock and we went on to occupy some other houses...

All of that was like a party, a celebration, until November 1975. No one can imagine the joy it was; how it was for those people who had been living in a shanty house for over fifty years, most of them with no toilets even. People were in the streets and literally taking over the public space – the town hall, for example. They demanded to talk to the mayor then and there – and they did talk to him! And this memory is engraved, inscribed, in me - it won't disappear. I still live on with those three thousand families within me. Even today, when I pass by those avenues which are now filled with huge buildings and no longer shanty houses...

In the summer of 1975 – which was called the hot summer – I went to Trás-os-Montes, right up in the north, in the border with Spain almost, to make the rural revolution. That's because it was a very conservative place and the people had just assaulted the local headquarters of the communist party, because the priest – who was called the Bragança Messenger – during his preaching had urged his parishioners to go after those evil communists. Therefore, after the service they had all gone in procession to burn down PCP headquarters. So, volunteers were called forth to make the revolution in the countryside and so went I.

After, I recall the 25th of November, where Ramalho Eanes was the great protagonist of the supposed coup. The paratroopers had rebelled and occupied the air forces

barracks. And everyone was afraid this might turn into yet another Chile. But I was not yet aware this could be the end of it all.

In 1976 there were the first elections to the presidency – and here we had the grassroots movements called the GDUP's – Groups to Boost Popular Unity – in support to Otelo's campaign. And here we had our first setback: Eanes won with 61% and Otelo had only 16%...

Do you want me to tell you when I think the revolution ended?

Not yet, T., we are still in the middle of the party...

3. J.

In the meanwhile, J., a Portuguese man who was living in Germany with his wife, decides to collect funding from the association Portugal-Germany in order to buy a honnomag van, in order to return to Portugal and help in the popular commune of Torre Bela, in central Portugal – an occupied estate which will be the drive of the documentary shot by the German director Thomas Harlan. J. sets off from Berlin in October 1975, and has many setbacks on the way, but still, he writes loving postcards to his wife, who stayed in Germany a little longer. He finally arrives in Portugal... and when he reaches Torre Bela, someone had written in the gate of the estate, "Welcome to The Centre of Popular Power".

4. Rosalina e Júlio

In the meanwhile, Rosalina was in a village in Alentejo, a region in the south of Portugal, working in what was called the Agrarian Reform, which reclaimed the land to those who worked in it, to the rural workers. Júlio, who would later become her husband, was still serving in the military, in Angola, where he stayed right until the

end, burying corpses of his fellow soldiers, and where he received letters from his sister, telling him of the revolution and the revolutionary process in their town of Barreiro. In 1980, Júlio finally meets Rosalina and they get married, in Algarve, where they both were working for the revolution.

And I ask him: Júlio, by 1980 the revolution had not yet ended?

and he answers: In 1980, there were many places where the revolution had not yet arrived...

5. José

In the meanwhile, in France, the Portuguese emigrants celebrated likewise the revolution in Portugal. On that day of the 25th of April 1974, José, who was 16, went home to have lunch and heard about the coup in Portugal. He went to his room, picked up a small radio, and returned to school, always listening to the radio. Because his hair was long, he could hide what he was doing and so he reached his class, where the teacher did not notice at first. But when she did notice, she asked him to turn off the radio, to which his friend Phillipe replied: “But today there’s a revolution in Portugal!” And José tells that the teacher replied: “In that case, if it is a revolution, you can go on.”

6. Manuel

In another neighbourhood in Paris, Manuel, in the library where he worked, read all the French newspapers of the morning of the 25th of April and he has some negative remarks. The news said that Portugal has left a fascist regime to enter a communist regime, which, according to Manuel, was due to people being misinformed by the PIDE, which disseminated false information. Manuel was filled with hope for this

coup, and remembered the words of some people in Portugal, back in 1969, who had told him that one day the whole thing, the regime, would blow.

The truth was that throughout Europe no one knew what that coup was, nor did they understand the revolutionary process that followed. That is why there was such fear, as expressed in the cover of this *Time Magazine*, in August 1975 (11 August 1975).

Manuel has the fond memory of the summer of 1974 when he returned to Lisbon and participated in a rally with thousands of emigrants... and where the poet Ary dos Santos recited, moved:

Friends in the Alentejo

Some who are in Paris

Many who are in Lisbon.

Where I don't see myself,

that's where I suffer for my country...

Manuel, took several photographs that day that he still keeps today...

7. Peter Robinson

In the meanwhile, dozens of revolutionary tourists arrived in Portugal to experience live the Cuba of Europe, like Peter, who did not speak a word of Portuguese but said it was 'fantastic, fantastic!' Staying at the Ambassador Hotel in Lisbon, Peter benefited from the discount rates due to the revolutionary tourists, and participated in

the workers meetings, and later, when the 25th of November Coup takes place, he himself goes to Cais do Sodré in Lisbon to distribute pamphlets he wrote. They were sent to England, where they were translated, and then sent back to Portugal, where Peter sold them for 25 cents. He says here that the true revolution can still win, and urges the workers not to be discouraged. Peter even wrote a thesis about his experience, called *The Forgotten Dream* (Robinson, 1999).

8. Phil Mailer

In the meanwhile, some foreigners living in Portugal were not exactly tourists, like Phil Mailer, an Irish man who taught English at the Cambridge School in Lisbon. He wrote this book, *Portugal, the Impossible Revolution*. He lived the revolution fully as if it was his, and it was indeed also his revolution. He wrote in his diary,

“I meet M, depressed as hell by her colleagues. We burst into discussion and talk of our feelings since we last met. We mention groups, actions, people we’d often spoke to. We go to an old tasca which had been a Marxist-leninist student haunt. It’s past midnight, but no one is where they should be. We hope they’re out doing things, preparing banners, working with groups. We feel helpless. It seems ridiculous for two foreigners to try anything on their own. We get slightly drunk. Our depression becomes impatience and anger and we go out and write on the walls ourselves. We decide on the standard slogan ‘Down with the colonial war’ but finally add some graffiti, made up on the spur of the moment. We do it for ourselves, because of our own helplessness, because of our desire to be a part of the great movement already under way. And we feel good. People pass and give us the clenched fist salute. But we are also afraid. I am writing a large slogan. Halfway through I panic and shout at M

‘How do you spell revolution in Portuguese?’ M laughs loudly, her joy very real”
(Mailer, 1977: 59).

(music: A Cantiga é uma arma, by GAC.)

Transition to the Decolonization Process

And in the middle of the party, this happened.

and this.

and this.

It was part of the second ‘D’ of the programme of the MFA (Armed Forces Movement): Democratise; Decolonise; Develop.

There is so much to say regarding this second “D”. We would have to go back to the origin itself of colonialism. Of that primary action of reaching an unknown land, inhabited by people until then unknown, and self-proclaiming the discovery of that land, and self-declare its ownership.

I will not discuss here the ideological stances of these actions – at least not directly – I am aware that the colonial project cherished by Estado Novo Regime dates back to before the regime itself. However, it is important to stress that when Salazar took over the Colonies ministry in 1930, he publishes what was called the *Colonial Act*, later incorporated in the Portuguese Constitution, the second article of which reads:

The organic essence of the Portuguese nation is that of fulfilling the historical mission of possessing and colonising the overseas territories and civilising their indigenous populations. (*Diário do Governo*, I.^a série, n.º 83 de 11 de Abril de 1933, págs. 650-652.)

and in 1957 again, he said:

We believe there are decadent and retarded races, and it is our duty to call them to civilisation.

The Liberation Wars of the African people, which in Portugal had the name of Overseas War or Colonial War, should be understood in the full context of what was happening in the African continent as a whole at the time:

In 1955 there were five independent states in Africa. In 1962 there were a total of thirty six independent states. While the United Nations urged Portugal to provide information about its colonies, Portugal replied that its colonies were, in fact, overseas provinces which were in fact Portugal.

On December 14, 1960, the UN adopted the 1514 Resolution which states, amongst other things that:

Convinced that all peoples have an inalienable right to achieve freedom, the exercise of their sovereignty and the integrity of their national territory.

Solemnly proclaims the necessity of bringing to a speedy and unconditional end colonialism in all its forms and manifestations.⁹

We know today that while this resolution was being approved – with Portugal voting against it – the workers of the cotton fields of the Cassange region, in Angola, were in strike against the enterprise Cottonang, which exploited their work and their lands. We know that that strike was repressed with napalm bombardments made by the Portuguese air force, which resulted in the death of thousands of local civilians, mostly black people. This episode is not often discussed and many ignore it all together.

⁹ <http://www.un.org/en/decolonization/declaration.shtml>

We know also that shortly after, in the north of Angola, an independentist movement – the UPA Union of the Angola Population – perpetrated a series of massacres in revenge, against white colonists and their servants. This episode, on the other hand, was widely disseminated and profusely reported.

From then onward, militias of white colonists organised themselves and further massacres unleashed. And, shortly after, the Portuguese troops arrived and launched the beginning the colonial war. The sentence, “To Angola, quickly and in strength” still resounds in the Portuguese collective memory. It was Salazar’s war cry.

We know today that Salazar had been warned by the United States of the possibility of the UPA massacre, but he had dismissed the information as false or unimportant. Like Adriano Moreira, the Minister of the Overseas provinces of Salazar at the time says, Salazar was a man that had not realised that the world had changed. But it had really.

I mention all this – as a kind of introduction – because it is undoubtedly linked to the massive return, stumbling, of close to one million Portuguese who lived in the ex-colonies, and who had been told that those colonies were in fact Portugal – as simple as that. The lesson taught was: Portugal is the Algarve, the Alentejo, the Extremadura, the Beira Alta, Beira Baixa, the Minho, the Tras-os-Montes, the Beira Litoral, Guinea Bissau, Mozambique, Timor, São Tomé, Cape Verde, Angola.

Some say they are ‘returnee’ – RETORNADOS, in Portuguese, a quite derogative word – and say it with pride. Others don’t like the word for what it symbolises. And yet others still prefer to call themselves exiled or refugees. Most of them lost everything, left everything behind, but there are those who made a business out of it – even soldiers, like R. told me, who ransacked the houses of those who had fled and

then shipped containers filled with those pillages to Portugal. Others received funding from the state and made some sort of business with those aids; others made business out of people's needs – this is what people say, because today there is not much left – apart from what is said, uttered, or silenced – in an episode that was buried under the debris of the non-explained and non-digested historical episodes, amidst resentments, sectarianisms, reaccionarisms and the impossibility of reconciliation.

Together with the difficult escape and return to Portugal, the interest of foreign powers in the African territories, the alignments of the Cold War, and the civil wars that persisted beyond decolonisation, I know it is above all difficult to talk about all this. And that is maybe why this is one of the places to do it.

And I will do it by telling the story of a family.

#5 Taken By Surprise – the Story of a Family¹⁰

The first time I met them I didn't know I would be telling their story here today. I visited them a couple of times after that until I decided to include their story here.

Even after they vaguely told me that all their family had returned from Angola, still they haven't told me how they went to live there in the first place.

And it was only after two years and several visits that I went to their restaurant – in the city of Viseu – that Rute, the granddaughter, finally told me about a notebook, a diary really, and the tapes. Her grandfather had written the story in the notebook and had recorded himself reading the diary, which he then gave to his daughters and granddaughter so they would know his story.

1. MANUEL AUGUSTO ARAÚJO (1916-1993)

The diary starts the following way:

“25th of August 1991, the day I turn 73, I started recording a small part of my life. First of all, Manuel Augusto Araújo, born in Carviçais, part of Moncorvo, district of Bragança. I was born on August 23 1916 at 11pm. My father was very rich, as I was told; his mother didn't want my father to marry my mother, and my father was waiting for his mother to die so that he could marry my mother, but he died first, I was 6 years old. My aunts didn't give us anything, we had not been recognised as his children.”

¹⁰ I have known this family for several years. The accounts performed in *A Living Museum* are mainly based upon two long group interviews: 24 January and 10 October 2014.

This diary is like a living manual of the history of Portugal of the 20th century. It depicts the poverty, ignorance and violence of the nation – and not only state violence but also of the people against themselves, who did not hesitate to use fire arms if need be in conflicts which were often small and insignificant.

About school, Manuel Augusto writes:

(quote)

He also talks about a network of influences, self-serving actions, lies and favours, which forced him to go to Angola.

(tape)

Actually, the family had told me that he had been exiled by the PIDE to Angola – which is not what this tape shows - and they added he had been a communist. But I always found it strange that, at the same time, they recalled how he used to say – towards the end of his life – “do you see those lamp posts, I wish to see a communist hanging from each of them...!” So, after reading the diary and listening to the tapes, I concluded he was never a communist, he was advised to go to Angola to escape a false denounce of being a communist, but he was indeed quite anti-communist as I realised by reading his diary... It’s complicated...

2. Salete – the eldest daughter

When picking up the diary, Salete says, “He talks a lot about me”.

And he does. She is the elder daughter of Manuel Augusto.

Salete is the first to tell me: “We have a very complicated war history...” But she is also the only one who tells me, “It’s my home land, if I could, I would go back”. And the other family members shout, “Why go back? Everything is gone, destroyed!”. But she calmly insists, “I would definitely go back, if I could.”

She moved to Angola when she was 8 months old. In Ndalatando was where she met her husband to be, Luís. He worked in a grocery where she shopped and she says, “I went there, I saw this man, I was like, “Oh, My!”, I started going all day going, morning, afternoon, evening!” They got married in 6 months, and the story is interesting, because her younger half-sister was the one who was going to be married, and her step-mother said, “What, the younger gets married and the older doesn’t’?!, Luís, come over here!”

3. Luís

He had left the army not long ago, “I have no money, nothing...”, but Salete’s stepmother goes, “You don’t need money, you don’t need anything, we’ll take care of it all.” And one day he was married. He used to say, “I didn’t get married; they married me!” In fact, both sisters married on the same day.

Luís doesn’t like to say the colonial name of the village where they lived, Salazar – he always corrects his family, “We lived in Ndalatando”.

Everyone says Luís was very calm; he never lost his temper, not even when he had a gun pointed at him, not even when he was accused of a crime he had not committed.

Luís told me: “The deepest account I have is being accused of murder, of beating a niger to death at a butcher”. This man – the niger, as Luís called him – had been his

employee, and according to Luís, he had died of cirrhosis, as the autopsy demonstrated. Still, the population was against Luís, accusing him of beating the man to death; they called him a colonialist and spat on his face when he passed by. Luís and his family deny any participation in the man's death.

Luís himself went to the MPLA barracks – Luís still says the MPLA is the party of the people by the way, he is pro-MPLA. He went to the barracks and demanded that justice be made and that he was plead non-guilty. The pamphlets against him said, “The colonialist is still walking free and has to die!”

Once, when he was returning from Luanda, he was asked to stop at a control barrier – it was the time of the civil war between the MPLA, the UNITA and the FNLA, and one had to be careful not to make any false moves. A young man in the control barrier recognised Luís, “Look, it's the colonist! It's the murderer!” And Luís replied, “Do you think that if I was a colonist and a murderer I would still be here???”

His father-in-law says in this diary that Luís turned pale, but Luís tells me that he never lost his head and that he calmly escaped – again.

4. Rute

Because of this accusation against her father, Rute, who was 6 at the time, remembers walking home once and there were hundreds of black people, sharpening their knives, tchac, tchac, tchac. It was May 1st, either 1974 or 1975, she does not recall, tchac, tchac, tchac – “I... I don't know, don't ask me who came to pick me up, I don't know, I just recall this image of me trying to reach our house and so many nigers, so many,

so many, all with knives, 'Como out, you colonialist!', because they addressed him as colonislist!...

Rute has many memories like this engraved in her, and the family makes jokes about her being traumatised. For years, she tells me, she woke up in the middle of the night, shouting for her mother. And her brother, shouted for her. And whenever there were fireworks she would duck under a car, with fear.

She is also the only to tell me about racism... She accuses even her family of being racists. "You say you are not racists, but, dad, would you go on the train with the nigers, you wouldn't would you?" But they deny: 'we all lived in perfect harmony with each other there.'

And when she reached the Rossio station in Lisbon, she was amazed: "Oh my god, so many whites!"

5. Laura

This photo album is like Laura: confusing, fragmented, but full of joy.

Laura lost her mother when she was very little and it was Salete who took care of her. She likes recalling those times, and so she sets aside the oxygen medicine that accompanies her everywhere. She laughs a lot and loud, she got used to being here, she made the revolution in her village, by introducing the extravagant clothes from Africa and the hair waxing applied to several parts of the body. Laughing, she tells me the story of a black girl that used to hit her – after the 25th of April already. Out of no reason apparently, for they had nothing against each other they didn't even belong to

the same group, yet the black girl used to wait for her outside the school gates and smack her. Laura wanted to revenge, “if only you were not a nigger...” Something she would not have thought before the 25th of April.

6. Adélia

From Adélia, the step-mother, I don't know much. Only that she was a woman ahead of her time, and that she returned to Portugal before the 25th of April and opened a restaurant in Bairro Alto, in the bohemian neighbourhood of Lisbon, and she used to come to the tables to talk to the costumers with a cigarette in the corner of her mouth. They loved her, but they don't even know if she is still alive today.

7. The 25th of April

This is what the sisters told me:

“For us the 25th of April was really not a big deal, I mean, we didn't discuss politics, I mean, Politics was not an issue down there. We remember our father saying, ‘shush, shush... there is a revolution in Portugal!’, while trying to hear something on the radio.’

For them, the carnations and the *Grândola*, don't mean much. They lived in a different world and barely knew the word: dictatorship.

8. The brother who writes

Then, there is the brother who writes novels about Africa and the difficult return – I never met him. It is in his novel that I find another narrative of the death of Luís' servant: he hit his head against a sidewalk and died. So many versions of the same story...

The women tell me: "Everything in this book is true!". Laura says she is not able to read the passages about Africa, she says she has lived all that and just can't...

Salete says, "The last part is about us, is about the escape..."

9. The escape

Maybe Luís thought that things would get better and they could stay, because the rest of the family faces him with an accusing look and says, "Everyone had gone out and we were stuck in our house! We were still there!" – "What were we still doing there??", they asked Luís.

He said: "I went to a rally once where there were over 50.000 niggers. As I was walking I was touched over 100 times, 'colonist, what did you come here for?' – 'I came to watch. If you give me some kind of guarantee I'll stay, if not I'll leave.'"

And then there was a point in our conversation where they all started talking at the same time, and saying contradictory things, and I couldn't really understand what they were recalling, so this is what I understood:

Close to the end, after the independence of Angola, they were trapped in their house, in the first floor, with no food, because of the cross fire of the three liberation movements. And the grandfather, who was at the general headquarters, noticed that

the family hadn't reached the quarters and there were close to 12000 people already taking refuge there. So he asked a man who was driving a Red Cross ambulance to pick them up, and that's how they reached the quarters. They tried to escape, but the MPLA always came back for them, because of the death of the black employee.

The first attempt was in a military caravan, but they were stopped shortly after setting off. Luís and Salete are given orders to step out of the car and there is a burst of machine gun and Rute remembers thinking, "That's it, they're gone!" That is why for many years she woke up crying for her mother. And then she opened her eyes and saw her mothers' red shoes walking by and she cried, "They're alive!" They still don't know how they were able to survive that crucial time. They were forced to return to the headquarters.

Again another caravan was about to leave to Luanda, and the whole family hides under an oilcloth in one of the jeeps. But the captain discovers them and says, "Absolutely not! I will not take you! You are a marked family!" But the girls kneel and cry and beg for him to take them, and he must have felt something and he agreed. But only under the conditions of hiding under the oilcloths and not moving for the duration of the trip – eleven hours. And that is how the whole family of eight adults and two children hide under the oilcloth of the berliet truck for eleven hours, without moving, going to the toilet. They travelled with two nuns sitting on two chairs on top of them, as a disguise. They reached Luanda, where they took a direct flight to Lisbon. And Manuel Augusto describes how, upon taking off, the lights of the cabin were off and he could see, for the last time, from the window of the plane, the lights of Angola down there...

10. Metropolis

In Portugal – the metropolis, as it was known amongst those who lived in the colonies – life was not easy. They had lost everything and the girls had to work. Salete went to work in a factory and after lunch she would go to the café – in Portugal it was not a normal thing for a woman to go to a café. So the other workers would say, “Oh, you go to the café, do you, returnee?, you want to have a coffee, yeh?” But, after a while, her colleagues started joining her for coffee too.

Laura made the revolution in the village with her beauty treatments. And as for Rute, she vividly remembers the second-hand clothes that the IARN gave to the returnee and how it was always old cloths or too big, or ruined, and that is why even today she hates giving clothes away, she rather throw them in the rubbish bin instead. When she arrived her nails were polished in red and her grandfather in the village said: “Oh, poor child, she hurt herself!” So this is how Portugal was, even under a revolution, which in fact did not reach every place in the country, as Julio told me...

In the meantime, Roberto, who considers himself not a returnee but an exiled, and does not agree with most of the things he hears from the other returnees, and who considers himself to be a socialist, arrived in Portugal in the last bulk carrier leaving Moçamedes. He cried his eyes out while he listened to the independence of Angola over the radio, which he had always wished for despite not being there to witness it live. Arriving in Castilho Street in Lisbon, he sees several people carrying machine guns – those were militants of the Revolutionary Brigades, the PRP¹¹ – and he remembers thinking: ‘It seemed like I was in Angola again!’

¹¹ Partido Revolucionário do Proletariado – Revolutionary Party of the Proletariat.

In the meantime, in the occupied estate of Torre Bela, one of the workers and activists, J, writes to his wife who is in Germany, “It’s not even the 10th, it is past midnight, the 11th, Angola is independent. I don’t hear any news. The newspapers and the TV say very little about this.”

In the meantime, the paramilitary movements of the far-right carried at least five hundred and eleven bomb attacks, motivated by the hatred against the communists and the betrayers of the homeland – an idea of homeland which was very particular and which had been inherited.

(music: Alerta, by GAC)

#6 When did the revolution end?

Welcome to the penultimate performance of our Living Museum...

1. Decentred memory

While starting this presentation I am reminded of a sentence by Elizabeth Jelin in *State Repression and the Struggles For Memory*:

“The text may appear decentred. In fact, such is the nature of memory itself.”

(2003: xv)

Decentred as I feel, I think about memory as a long corridor with doors on each side. Sometimes we open the doors on one side, sometime the other, nothing follows a straight line. I follow the corridor and step into a room where that song is playing, that same song I already played here today. Whenever we talk about these memories, there is always this song playing. And I think about Rita, my friend, the other day we were testing this turntable and upon hearing this song she said: ‘I am still moved by this song.’ And I said, ‘why “still”? You weren’t even born!’ And she said: ‘Yes, but still.’ And I thought:

These memories belong to us, even if we were not there.

(music: Zeca Afonso Grândola Vila Morena)

I thought about those who listened to the song in the radio, those who were indeed there and know at that moment that something was about to change.

I thought about those in other countries, like the former colonies, and how this song did not really say that much to them.

I thought about those who were not happy at listening to the song, those who, still shaking, were seen trying to sneak against the walls, as if invisible, like this man.

Eventually a former member of the political police, here cornered by soldiers. This picture won the 1st Prize in SPOT NEWS category of World Press Photo 1975.

We actually know today that this was no member of the political police, just a man with a mental disorder and the soldiers were supposedly trying to talk to him. But the history of this picture has been recorded in its subtitle:

A PIDE secret policeman is arrested during Spinola's coup against Salazar's regime.¹²

Just this subtitle presents three problems!

But I will leave that for another performance.

Coming back to the picture, the photographer, Henri Bureau, wasn't really interested in revolutions. I know this because Sergio Treffaut, a Portuguese movie director who speaks with a Brazilian accent - because his parents were refugees of the Portuguese Dictatorship in Brazil, where he grew up - tried to organize in the 90's an exhibition of pictures and films shot by foreign journalists and filmmakers who witnessed the revolution and revolutionary process in Portugal. But no one in Portugal really cared – at least he says they didn't. He even tried that it would be shown in the former

¹² <http://www.worldpressphoto.org/collection/photo/1975/spot-news/henri-bureau>

headquarters of the political police, in Lisbon, which was then being turned into a luxury condo.

Sérgio never managed to organize that exhibition and bring to Portugal the archives of the ‘world’s greatest photographers’ (his words) that documented the revolution between 1974 and 1976. He says that back in the 90’s the moment was not favourable and the revolution was considered a ‘moment of infantilism’ of the Portuguese armed forces and the Portuguese people in general. Instead, he made a movie in 1999 with testimonies of the foreign documentarians of the Portuguese Revolution. The movie is called *Another Country*.

When I ask Sérgio about his relationship with the Portuguese revolution and when his family returned to Portugal, he answers: “The revolution was like a ‘steamer,’ that made so many things turn upside down. One of the things was the growing number of divorces. My own parents got divorced in August 1974.” I then ask him: ‘Are you being critical or somehow negative when you use the word *steamer*?’ And he answers: “Not at all. It’s just what it truly was.”

Indeed, different challenges have been presented to the transmission of the memories of the Revolution and the Revolutionary Process in Portugal. The timeline is hard to fix, being subject to different ideological interpretations and specifically to the fact (or syndrome) that up to the end of the 90’s the analysis of the events was conducted by their own participants. As a Portuguese sociologist states in 1984 for the celebration of the 10th anniversary of the Revolution:

It is still early mainly because all of us – each our own way – are today the researchers of a period of which we were engaged activists. (1984: 45)

Elizabeth Jelin refers, for example, the “sufficient time needed to elapse” in order for these memories to become a central subject of analysis, regardless of how conflicting that analysis may be. The Portuguese case entailed, not only, a bloodless revolution conducted by the military with a strong left-wing inspiration that arose the admiration and high expectations of many revolutionary activists all over Europe and the world; but also a revolutionary period that lasted until November 1975 - named PREC or Ongoing Revolutionary Process - led by the motto ‘power to the people’. All political parties at the time had a programme where the final aim was to establish a socialist programme. In that way, it seems to me that the Portuguese case is even more unique and contentious in the memories it seeks to transmit today. It seems that it is still trying to come to terms with ‘what really happened.’

And now I will invoke theatre for a brief moment.

(VLADIMIR:

What was I saying, we could go on from there.

ESTRAGON:

What were you saying when?

VLADIMIR:

At the very beginning.

ESTRAGON:

The very beginning of WHAT?

VLADIMIR:

This evening . . . I was saying . . . I was saying . . .

ESTRAGON:

I'm not a historian

(Beckett, 2006)

“I’m not a historian” says Gogo, or Estragon, in *Waiting for Godot*, one of the times Vladimir asks him about the day before.

Neither am I a historian, nor do I intend to be. I wasn't even born at the time of the 25th of April coup, so I don't know how it was. I did live one year of the PREC, but I think I was too young to go with my mother to those cultural cooperatives where she worked. She would always arrive earlier to those places to mop the floor first – as she was bourgeois, she had to, to cleanse herself! Or perhaps I was also too young to go with her to buy Chinese souvenirs that all of a sudden were being sold everywhere in Lisbon... And then I start thinking about what I do remember, and I recall those weekends spent in Serra da Silveira neighbourhood, near Sintra, in a shanty neighbourhood that my parents help refurbishing. They are both urban planners, so they used their free time to go there to do volunteer work every weekend – sewage network, water, electricity, whatever was needed.

But I think I would address those memories more thoroughly in a performance about the revolution's remnants and not in the one about when it ended. So I will tell you about that another time.

To the original title of this performance lecture – ‘When did the revolution end?’ – I have now added the subtitle “fragments of an attempted answer.” Please bear with me

while I attempt despite not being a historian, but rather someone who went to look for those voices, of the individuals and the memories...

2. The word Revolution

In 1984, 10 years past the revolutionary coup of April 25th, Boaventura de Sousa Santos, a Portuguese sociologist whom I have already quoted here, stated:

... today [there are] at least two 25th of April, a fracture dramatically revealed in the recent commemorations of the 10th anniversary of the revolution. (1984: 45)

I was exactly ten years old when Boaventura de Sousa Santos stated this in a conference organised by the Gulbenkian Foundation. The more I try to remember, the less I understand I don't know to what exactly Boaventura de Sousa Santos refers by 'two 25th of April's'. Although when I think more about it, I do recall a specific event in my High School with the brother of a colleague of mine, Rodrigo, who bluntly stated to the writer Augusto Abelaira who was visiting our school— a writer well known for his anti-fascist writings before the revolution: “I am sorry, but what happened in Portugal wasn't a Fascist Regime but rather a traditionalistic democracy.” I can never forget the puzzled facial expression and incredulous looking at that 15 year old boy stating that the regime Abelaira had experienced for almost 48 years and that had persecuted him, hadn't been a dictatorship after all.

Eduardo Lourenço had already made a premonition regarding this when he said:

Fascism Never Existed.

Then I remembered the investigation that anthropologist Tiago Matos Silva conducted regarding the intergenerational transmission of the memory of the Revolution and Revolutionary Process, and how he opens his work with the following statement:

The 25th of April 1974 was always for me a subject of curiosity and mystery.

Born in 1976 I wasn't even an unconscious witness, but the truth is that I could easily feel this trauma that 28 years past, still divides a whole country. (p.11)

I pause for a second to try to overcome the surprise of the use of the word 'trauma' within this context. I look for the political beliefs of Tiago within his work. I am well aware – and his investigation expresses it thoroughly – that depending on the ideological framework in which one was raised, the 25th of April could have indeed been a trauma, a 'confusion', a coup 'staged by a bunch of kids' (really young officers), 'initiating a state of siege in the country,' 'responsible by most problems we are facing today.'

At the same time I couldn't help recalling two encounters with the historian Fernando Rosas where he stated on both occasions: "Right wings always say we had a democracy in spite of the revolution, but this is not true: we have a democracy BECAUSE of the revolution."

So I come to this crossroads in determining what we are talking about when we use the word revolution – (so we can attempt to establish what ended and when):

1ST option: when using the word REVOLUTION (in the context of Portuguese history) we are talking about: the night of the 25th of April, when the original coup that overturned the fascist regime was staged.

I think most people would agree with this vision.

2nd option: when using the word REVOLUTION we are talking about the PREC or Ongoing Revolutionary Process with its set of land occupations, nationalisations, expropriations, campaigns of cultural engagement, demonstrations, an urge of direct democracy – this movement started the day after the 25th of April.

This is a memory that still divides many people – some people say that this process was total chaos and it almost ruined the country. But also many who participated in it – either the agrarian reform, the occupations, popular assemblies - will tell you – even if timidly – that this was the true revolution. Foreign documentary directors and photographers who were in Portugal during this period and even some foreign historians, consider this to be a unique period in the context of revolutions and revolutionary processes all over world.

Maurice Brinton in a preface to Phil Mailer's book writes,

“To an outsider there was much that was very specifically Portuguese in the Portuguese upsurge. The will to dare the unknown, to disregard the advice of ‘experts,’ to take history and reality by the scruff of the neck (...) was very evident in the early months. Without batting an eyelid at the enormity of what they were attempting, young revolutionaries (and older ones) talked seriously of

a direct transition from fascism to libertarian communism. They acted as if belief in miracles could drive people to attempt – and, who knows perhaps even to achieve – the ‘impossible.’” (p.22)

These were also the ones who felt very upset by the end of the Portuguese revolution, what they called the ‘failed revolution’...

3rd and final option: when using the word REVOLUTION we are talking about the 25th of November 1975, which conflicting memories will probably never allow us to truly understand what happened. This was the day of a counter-coup staged by moderate officers of the Armed Forces together with right wing factions and the Socialist Party. This was a counter-coup eventually to prevent another coup being prepared by the communist party to establish a communist regime of soviet inspiration in Portugal. The least one could say about this event – as many historians do – is that there are several 25th of November.

The communist party insist even today that there was no coup being prepared – only the reactionary coup of the moderates to put an end to a pure, bloodless revolution truly belonging to the people.

So let us see what ordinary people say about this November 25 coup.

3. The 25th of November 1975

Occupied estate of Torre Bela – central Portugal. In letters exchanged on the 25th of November and over the following weeks, E. and J., a couple that had decided to work

for the commune resulting from this land occupation – despite of the fact that only J. managed to get to Portugal by that time - express their confusion and concerns.

On the 27th of November E. writes (from Wiesbaden where she was still working and gathering money to join him in Portugal) to J.:

What is concretely going on in Portugal? We are all seriously confused. In the radio there was news of a coup from the left. But why didn't all the lefts support it? I fear the people of the communes will be dispirited now that they see the revolutionary process retreating.¹³

J. doesn't manage to reply to her for a couple of days. Things are really confusing in Portugal. On the 29th of November he finally writes on a small sheet of paper some theories regarding the coup of November 25, and concludes:

There is no major danger. We need to keep working and pressing forward, but realising that the military willing to tolerate and defend the Popular Power are now all arrested. I am in a hurry. Love, J.¹⁴

E. keeps asking in subsequent letters about the situation in Portugal and we can see that even in international mass media no one could offer a clear explanation. As for J. he gives accounts of the dangers their commune is now facing, that there are rumours everyone will be arrested and the commune returned to the owner, the Duke of Lafões. He further writes that he was driving his Honnomag van in a village and that

¹³ E. personal letter. 27/11/1975

¹⁴ J. personal letter. 29/11/1975

because of the foreign license plaque (German) people circled the van and started shouting at him to return to his land and work there. In a state of despair he writes:

What a terrible thing! How have I come to find my homeland and my people? Not even in the former times of Fascism have I seen such a thing. But the truth is that the class struggle and the liberation of the explored and the oppressed is not easy, for the enemy is numberless and powerful!¹⁵

Phil Mailer spent the night of the 25th of November trying to get guns to defend the people and the spirit of the 25th of April. He writes:

Like everyone else I was in the streets. In cafes and squares people argued animatedly, in groups. 'Is this a PCP coup?' someone asked. 'This is the revolution, I think', another replied. 'What about Russia, then?' when a third person came in. The discussions were lively but were all external to people's real life. It might have been happening in another world. In no way were the workers going to support one side over the other. After 20 months of the 'revolutionary process' and of leftist talks they had drawn one conclusion: revolution and counter-revolution were jobs for specialists. And anyway they had to work tomorrow (1977: 335).

The PREC or revolutionary process under way ended here.

Whether this was the end or not of the revolution, or whether the revolution had already finished by then, are entirely different subjects.

¹⁵ J. personal letter. 5/12/1975.

4. M., the true historian

M., a prominent Portuguese historian that up until now has always refused to investigate about this historical period because she considers she doesn't have the necessary objectivity, answers the following way to the question of: 'when did the revolution end?':

I cannot tell the exact moment. Nowadays I don't know if that was really a revolution. We considered it a transitional period. Because we didn't know many things back then that we know today – although today we still don't have the full picture because not everyone has talked. More than a revolution, I would call it a revolutionary crisis with several political possibilities. But you are talking to someone who isn't the same anymore as I was back then. I have questioned it all. I didn't understand anything. I wanted the revolution, but revolution for me was what was happening in China, and today I wouldn't want that. I know what happened to China and, even worst, to situations like Cambodia – we weren't for Cambodia, but we were for the Cultural Revolution. So when today I see those movies that depict people arrested, tortured, totalitarian regimes, it is very hard to accept I have defended that. It has taken me a long time and I even went into depression because of it. It isn't an easy process; it's traumatic, and solitary. Because when you leave a movement, you move to the other side of the barricade.¹⁶

¹⁶ From a personal interview. 20 October 2012, Lisbon.

Here I pause and recall that anthropologist, Tiago Matos Silva, using the word *traumatic* that had puzzled me so much.

And the next moment I decide to call my mother and ask her when did the revolution end. To my bewilderment she answers: “There was no revolution. At least not culturally, that is. It didn’t result in any structural changes to our society.”

5. An argument between my parents

When I was growing up my parents would often argue about politics, at least I remember they did. The struggles between political parties – especially the small extreme left wing parties – after the 25th of April were almost fratricide. And, back then, at home, I can recall my father distinctly and with hatred accusing my mother of being a Maoist.

Although I was born after the revolutionary coup of 25th of April 1974, and didn’t know anything really about the 25th of November, I had nonetheless my own process of sensing the revolution ending year after year; as some of the so called revolutionary books on the shelves were now being progressively removed and stored somewhere difficult to access: an old cupboard, a wardrobe underneath the bed linen. I could save some of them, like the *Gulag Archipelago*, from Soljenitsine... not exactly a revolutionary book, I am afraid...And finally the statement from my father: “I am

going to donate several boxes of books and documents to the 25th of April Documentation Centre.”

*

Almost 15 year past of this statement I visit the Documentation Centre, now myself as a researcher about the political manifestation of the memory of the revolution in Portugal. I am looking for a copy of the *Little Red Book* by Mao Tse Tung that I need for a performance. Because somehow everyone seems to have lost his or her own copy, or donated it to the Documentary Centre. I tell them my parents have donated some items to the Centre. They check but can't find any donation. I go back to my mother's house to discover that the box to be donated has been resting there for the past 15 years, unopened.

I take it with me, hoping to find some material for this performance lecture.

There is no *Red Book* by Mao Tse Tung, although there is a bind collection of a revolutionary Maoist magazine that looks like it. And several issues of yet another Maoist magazine *Red Star* one of which entitled: “Lessons to be taken of the 25th of November.” They seem to believe the 25th of November was a coup staged by the communists to install a communist dictatorship in Portugal. And many envelopes of newspapers mimeographed by the students union my father used to belong to.

And there are also several stickers, a whole collection of them, including the sticker for “Portugal won't be the Chile of Europe.”

Many of the pamphlets and materials in general are prior to the revolution, so this must have constituted some of the clandestine work my parents were doing:

distributing these to the students. I can't help noticing that the paper is really thin. Maybe they dropped it out from a 5th floor and it just fell gently on the sidewalk, letting the passer-by know that "The Student Ribeiro dos Santos was murdered by the Political Police."

(I confess I was somehow proud when opening this box. Up until this point I was always a bit ashamed of not being able to report big feats from my parents in the revolutionary quest. OK, we had forbidden books at home, which per se was a motive to go to jail. OK, my father had been arrested twice before the revolution – but had only spent the odd night there. But here I had the living proof that they had put themselves to great danger by reading and distributing several of such newspapers and bulletins against the colonial war and for the revolution.)

*

The night of the 25th of November coup, my father received a phone call to go clandestine. He had to wait for some guns that were to be delivered to his group so they could stage the true left wing revolution. He said that they didn't even know how to fire a gun. I asked him: 'What happened?' He said: 'Nothing happened. The guns never came and this supposed left-wing coup didn't win and word went by that it was due to the communist party's betrayal.'

My father and his comrades were dismissed on the 26th of November and went home. After this, he left the party where he had been a militant.

I asked him if he was sad about the end of the revolution: he didn't answer but told me that the revolution in its most romantic and utopian way, but also genuine and

spontaneous, had already ended by then, namely with yet another attempted coup on the 11th of March in that same year.

I realise 15 minutes is a very short time to convey the profound contradictions, conflicted memories and complexities of the revolutionary process in Portugal, and to establish a definitive answer as to when exactly it ended.

Either because each person has his or her own experience of it, either because, like M., the historian, stated: “Some aren’t talking still.”

I find this statement by a former member of the Communist Party, today an activist of the memory struggles:¹⁷

But even if twenty years later it is time to make available all the elements to the historians, I wouldn’t want to reveal secrets which are not just mine.

(to be continued)

This is when I bump into T., a friend of my parents, who tells me: “The revolution ended in 1980, when Otelo got 1% of the votes, 1% can you imagine!?” There was no activism, people wouldn’t come to meetings anymore!...

But I tell her: “Not now, T. I have gone over the twenty minutes I said this performance-lecture would be!”

and I still have a post-script:

¹⁷ Namely as part of the organization NAM, Não Apaguem a Memória/ Do not Erase Memory.

A post-script

October last, at Senate House library they wouldn't allow me to take more than 4 books, so I had to choose.

It was hard, for there was some oral history theory, some performance theory, and some rarities (or what I consider rarities) on the Portuguese revolution and transitional process. I decided for the latter.

A book by a man called John L. Hammond. It is called *Building Popular Power – Workers' and Neighbourhood movements in the Portuguese Revolution*.

It started off well:

Revolutions must not only bring changes in political structures, transforming society requires transforming the lives of ordinary people too. In Portugal in 1974 and 1975, ordinary people challenged the social order forcefully, turning a military coup into an attempted revolution (Hammond, 1998: 9).

That's it, I thought, he got it. And I further shuffled into the book. I thought, let me see whom he thanks to, maybe I know someone.

And there it was, the name of my parents.

And I confirmed with my parents: It was indeed them. They remember a very tall American man, with a beard, who used to ride a bicycle. They said they used to think his friend was from the CIA, but not him.

They had no idea that they were mentioned in this book.

I think they were happy.

I was once again amazed at the part that chance plays when researching into lost archives, small memory and anonymous agents of history.

And here I close my notebooks and store the filling boxes, my archives of small memory, I picture the faces again: Rita, crying while listening to Grândola song; Peter saying that it was fantastic, even though he didn't speak a word of Portuguese, and how he got the discount rates, the staff had occupied the hotel! And that man, Jorge, who came to me at the end of a performance and said, "Let me tell you my story"; and then he took me in a guided tour of a city which only exists in his memory, the revolutionary city where his friends and he made occupations, built kindergartens, conducted popular assemblies...

And that other account of my father, how he visited his friend in the hospital, shortly before he passed away, and the friend told him, "that which we lived, no one can imagine, and no one can take away from us..." *That* – was the revolution. Whatever that was for each of these people, and for us, who have heard their stories.

This investigation continues, in order to render the invisible a little bit more visible...

(music: Chico Buarque Tanto Mar version II)

#7 Memory/Postmemory

1. Memory

Portugal 1926 and I have not left yet.

I watch unperturbed, how the military coup puts a stop to the Republic and establishes a military dictatorship but I don't know yet about it being a dictatorship. I watch unperturbed the deportations and arrests, even of those who conducted the coup, which will become a dictatorship. I know, because I am told today, that the Republic was a time of turmoil and confusion, that it betrayed its ideals, that there were corruption, poverty and murder attempts; and that the nation had to be set in order again. So they tell me. And then some gentlemen came and simply erased that bank holiday from the calendar. And then others came and returned that anniversary to the official bank holidays. And many were relieved.

I watch unperturbed how Oliveira Salazar comes from Coimbra to rule the finances of the country and it is still unperturbed that I watch him becoming the head of the council, a sort of prime minister. I was there in 1933 when the Constitution establishing the *Estado Novo* was approved, and I stayed there the next 41 years waiting for everything to change.

I know, because they tell me today, that censorship to the press started the day after the 1926 coup, but I don't know how to read and it does not bother me.

When I learn how to read, I will request books from the mobile library of the Gulbenkian Foundation, which comes every month to my village, and I will read them all, as fast as I can, for we are only allowed one book at the time.

At this point, I don't know yet about all the dead I will carry within me as if they were my dead, I am thinking only of the dead of a more distant past: dying in the concentration camps of Africa, in the Aljube prison, in the Azores; I think also about the indigenous people, *autochthones* as the regime calls them, I think about the deported and about those who starve to death.

I also have one of those wooden clogs with a rubber to hold it to the foot, because they will charge me fifty *escudos* if they catch me barefoot and fifty *escudos* is a lot of money back then. Later, I will return to the metropolis from the colonies with only the clothes I am wearing and nothing else, and I will curse the communists who have ruined our country and Mário Soares, who has sold us out, and I will say, “A esse, não o posso nem ver!” “That one, I can't even look at his face!”

At this point I have not yet been caught with a bag full of pamphlets, that the caretaker saw right away that I was carrying this bag full of pamphlets the moment I walked in the school door, and he took me to the headmaster's office and I was expelled right there, expelled for the second time from secondary school. At this point I have also not been caught up in Praça do Chile in an anti-colonial war demonstration, and I have not yet been imprisoned and tortured.

At this point I have not yet fled to France, by foot, trying to escape poverty, and finding another one running away from the war; I'm also running away from the war, but even more from starvation; only last week, I buried my brother because of that. The other guy wants to talk about politics but I really don't want to discuss politics for that only invites trouble.

Later, I will live in a clandestine house, I will learn how to type in a typewriter because of the many communiqués I have to write, and I will muffle the sound of the typewriter with a grey blanket that I will find in a cupboard in the corner of the room.

I will know that the *Avante* is a subversive newspaper, but the militant even more. If one were caught with the militant, it was prison for sure; he or she was most certainly a staff of the communist party. So, I take an issue of the *Avante* (the *Avante* is OK, it doesn't have to be the militant) and I put it inside the letterbox of those I want to incriminate.

In the morning, I will wake up and in the soak pit of my neighbourhood, millions of political pamphlets will be floating and my mother will cry, "Don't touch that! Don't touch that!"

Years later, in a conference commemorating the 40th anniversary of the 25th of April Revolution, someone will say that it was highly unlikely that all that fear of forty eight years would simply vanish overnight, and he asked himself and those in the audience what still remained of those times within them.

And a deep silence followed.

2. Postmemory

Yesterday I woke up feeling as if I had dreamt of them all: the generals, the captains, the secretary-generals, the political leaders, and I cried, “it is not your story that I want to tell.”

And Álvaro Cunhal, of course.

In the historical May 1 1974 rally, Mário Soares lift Cunhal’s arm and said: “The PCP was the historical force of resistance to fascism, and Cunhal didn’t even blink. Álvaro Cunhal lift instead the arm of a marine who happened to be nearby, and the marine didn’t even blink. Marines rarely blink and that’s that.

What are missing here, are the posters and photographs of the men and women no one knows.

What is missing here is the so-called other side. My sister-in-law mentioned this, as I asked her if she could lend me some books and she said, “oh, do you want books from the other side?” My sister-in-law had to escape Tête, in Mozambique, when she was a child, because she is half black and these people came to her house to ask her mother about her daughter and the mother lied and said she had no daughter, and the next day they put her on a plane to the metropolis and she didn’t see her mother nor returned to Africa for over forty years. And then she asked me if I wanted books from the other side, and I noticed that I have not included that much from that other side in this performance. But then I started thinking about sides and side taking and I realised that in the one side I approach there are so many different sides and nuances, that I am

questioning just now these binary, polarised, approach of just two sides and I think I will give up the word 'side' anyway.

2. 25 April 1974

On the 25 of April 2014, T. called me all excited that the TSF radio had been occupied. I turned on the radio and recognised almost immediately some of my actor friends of the company Bando and I called T. and said: 'Sorry T., that is not real, it's theatre.' She was very disappointed: "I had thought about joining them"; and she added, "it had even brought tears to my eyes."

I was sorry to destroy her illusion of someone taking over a radio station like the workers of Radio Renascença in 1975.

On that day of the 25th of April 2014 I also cherished the hope for something, I imagined a mobilised city, a mobilised country, I walked into the tube and it was packed and I was so hopeful, but at the exit I realised that most of those people were tourists and we didn't even walk towards the same place. I recorded a diary:

"Tube packed; people with carnations on their chests, made of felt so as not to fade out..."

"I climb the stairs looking forward to what I will find up there... wind, music..."

This is the sound of the city on April 25 2014.

Then I got to Carmo Square and it was full, what a relief. Then we went all to the former headquarters of the PIDE in António Maria Cardoso Street. And the people who live there in the luxury condo, peeked through the windows, maybe curious,

maybe annoyed. And suddenly the automatic water system went off and the water started falling upon the demonstrators and everyone started shouting “Abaixo a reacção!” – “Down with the reaction!”, a slogan of the revolutionary times.

Then the chaimite arrived, the emblematic vehicle of the armed forces and the revolution. They brought a crown of flowers as a tribute to those murdered by the PIDE at this exact spot. And pay attention to this woman – E ninguém foi capaz de matar estes cabrões! (And no one managed to kill these bastards!!!)

3. Switzerland

Then I went to a conference at the Gulbenkian Foundation in Lisbon – as I couldn’t make it in 1984, I decided to go now. I was impressed by the testimony of a Swiss journalist who covered the Portuguese revolution. And I don’t know why but I felt that in his account the Portuguese came across as a naïf people and perhaps even dumb. I tried to listen closer, I even laughed with the rest of the audience, I laughed at us, I laughed with sadness, maybe because of the man’s patronising words, maybe his ignorance, maybe my own old inferiority complex, which sometimes assails me – a historical legacy no doubt – after all, the man came from Switzerland, that perfect country. I don’t know when we stopped using those Swiss Alps backgrounds for our school pictures, maybe when we entered the EEC and that boosted our self-esteem...

4. Erasures

Then I went to Alcântara to look for the murals of my childhood, but they were gone. And I wondered why. Why erase them?, Maybe because it’s better to erase at all costs the marks of that shame which was the PREC – and danger even. The PREC and ordinary men and women taking upon themselves to transform reality and all that,

power to the people; no that cannot be!, the PREC was the worst that happened to us says a young journalist, younger than me, how can he know?, someone told him that; yes, the power belongs to those who can build banks and destroy them in a second and sink down a whole country's economy, because those people know what they're doing, whereas people during the PREC had no idea – how could they?, Not after 48 years of ignorance and obscurantism. We will always lose everything – I guess that's in our DNA, but we will always also be reborn from the ashes, like the phoenix.

Then I thought of the new murals which suddenly appear as a sign of hope for something new – even if an echo of the past – like those beans in my kindergarten, which seemed magic to us at the time –, that we planted in a cotton patch soaked in water; and that never really thrived, but for a moment there it seemed like they did, they started growing, one or two, and there was this hope... for the future, I guess.

5. Fear

I must admit that I found it hard to listen to the former Portuguese President, Cavaco Silva, quote Sophia de Mello Breyner, the poet, because, despite all, I still recall some things, and I can perfectly recall that it was precisely Cavaco Silva who, in 1992, gave two commendations to two former PIDE agents for services rendered to the nation. One of them was...Yes, and I also recall that Cavaco Silva denied the same commendation to Captain Salgueiro Maia, who died without ever being officially acknowledged for his crucial actions in the 25th of April coup.

In that country, Portugal, memory is worth whatever.

I am always impressed by people singing the *Grândola*, because singing it is like remembering an ideal. When interviewed, people from an older generation than mine,

often refer to the “betrayals to the conquests of April”. But that’s it. Then everyone
grits their teeth and just move on. Silently.

It’s like O’Neill said. Fear will have everything.

Fear will have everything

legs

ambulances

and the armoured luxury

of a few cars

It will have eyes no one sees

cautious little hands

almost innocent schemes

ears not only in the walls

but also in the floor

in the ceiling

in the gurgle of drainpipes

and perhaps even (caution!)

ears in your ears

Fear will have everything

phantoms at the opera

ongoing séances

miracles

processions

courageous words

model daughters
honest pawnshops
naughty brothels
various conferences
numerous congresses
excellent jobs
original poems
and poems like this one
utterly sordid projects
heroes
(fear will have heroes!)
real and unreal dressmakers
factory workers
 (more or less)
office clerks
 (lots)
intellectuals
 (what you'd expect)
perhaps your voice
perhaps mine
undoubtedly theirs

It will have capitals
countries
suspicions like everybody

countless friends

kisses

green sweethearts

silent

passionate

anguished lovers

Yes fear will have everything

everything

(I think about what fear will have

and I'm afraid;

which is exactly

what fear wants)

(Translation of O'Neill's poem by Richard Zenith)

But I don't want to finish without hope, so I don't conclude O'Neill's poem. I decide to walk towards a place where we can finally meet free of resentments and secrets – maybe my generation and the following, perhaps – without the weight of the older generations, but bearing in mind their testimonies, of course, and paying my respects and my debt of historical gratitude, but bearing in mind all the contradictions nonetheless. We are all ready to start the reconstruction of who we are and how we got here. It will be hard, everyone tells us, and it will take long, maybe even forever, who knows?

(I am really sorry, for I thought that this would be the end of it and I would be closing my notebooks, but it looks like that's not going to happen yet. I have an appointment with several generations to see if we can do it, what we can do...) *The Archivist goes to the desk and writes in the notebook THIS LIVING MUSEUM CONTINUES....*

(Picks up both bags – red and green. The song Eu vi este povo a lutar by GAC plays. Fades out)

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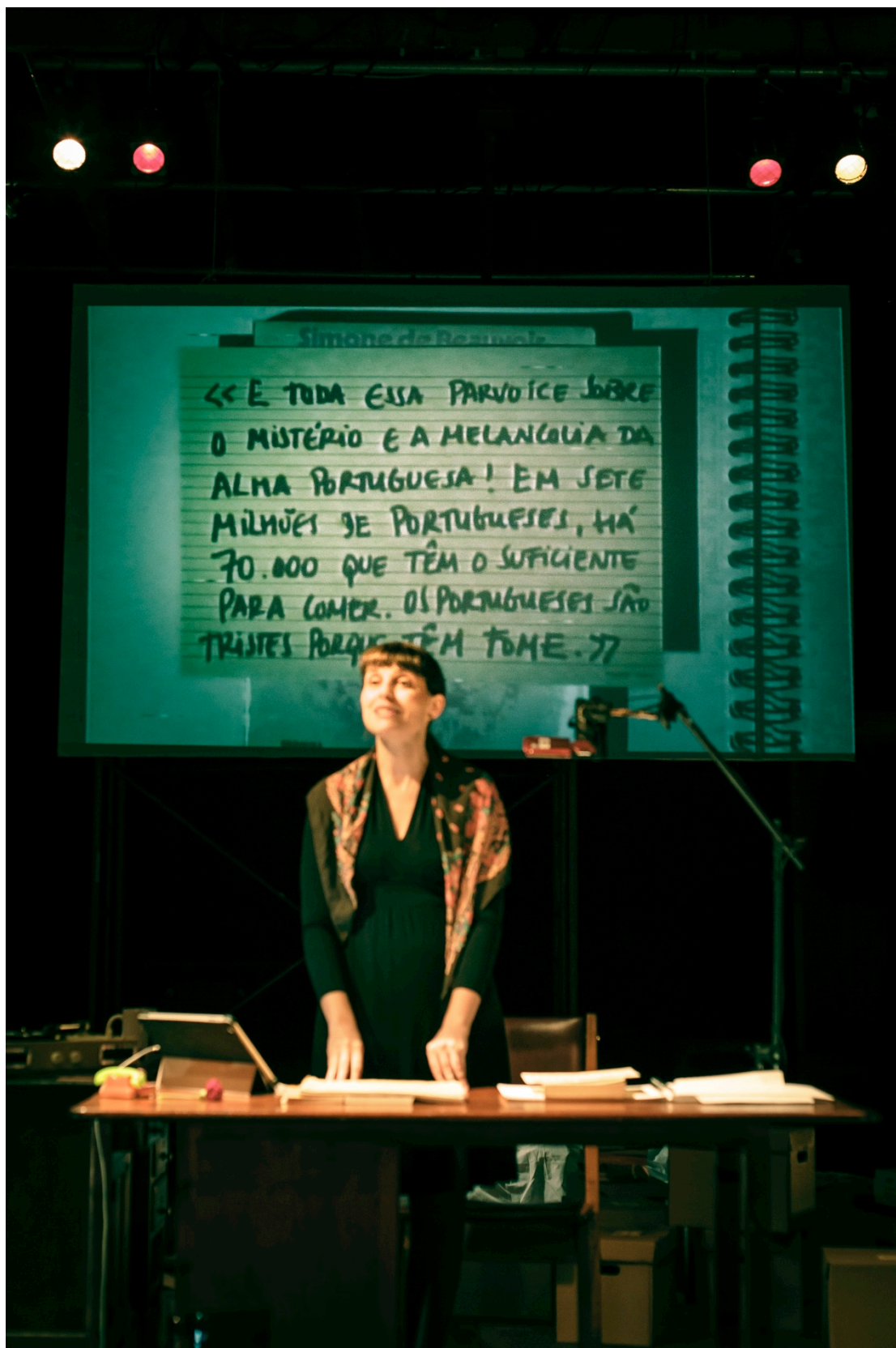
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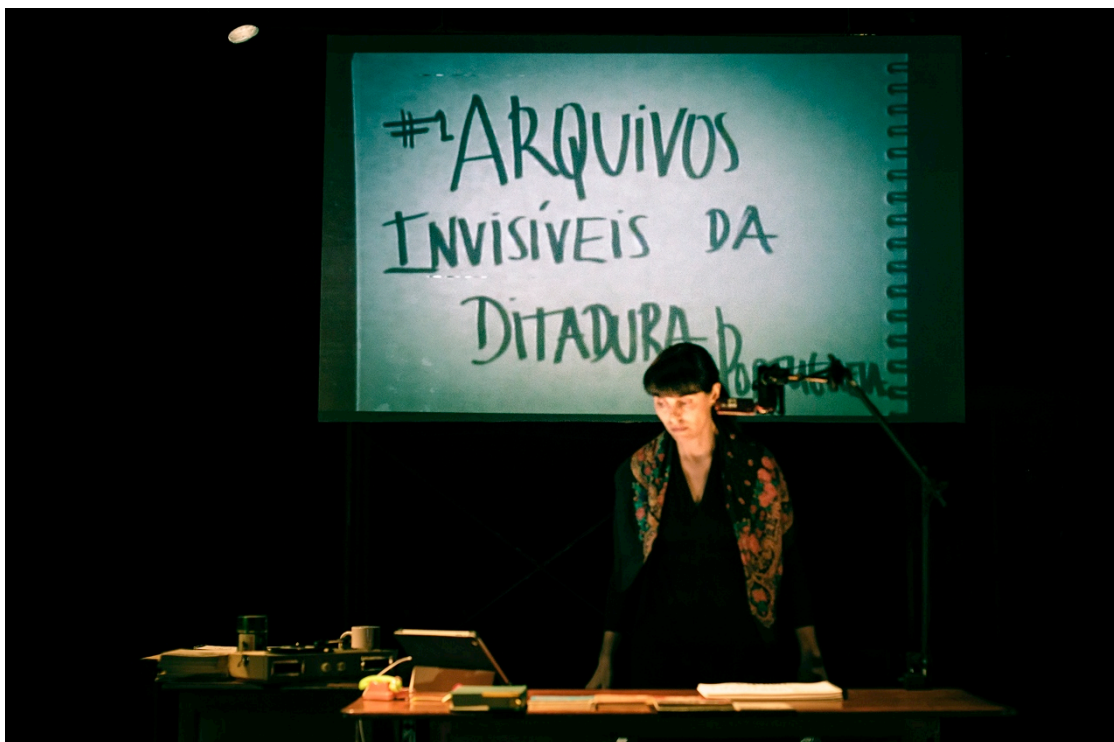
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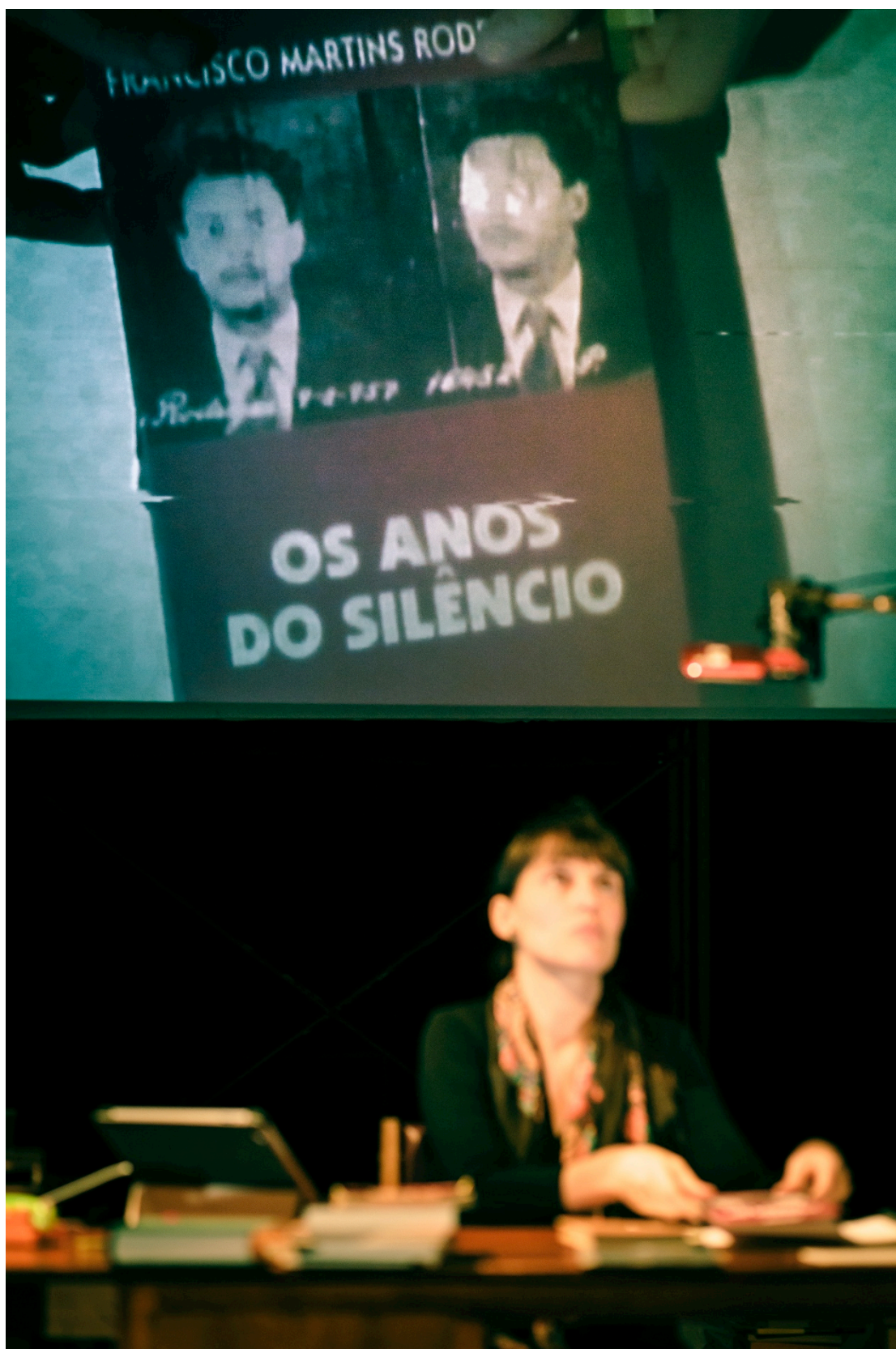
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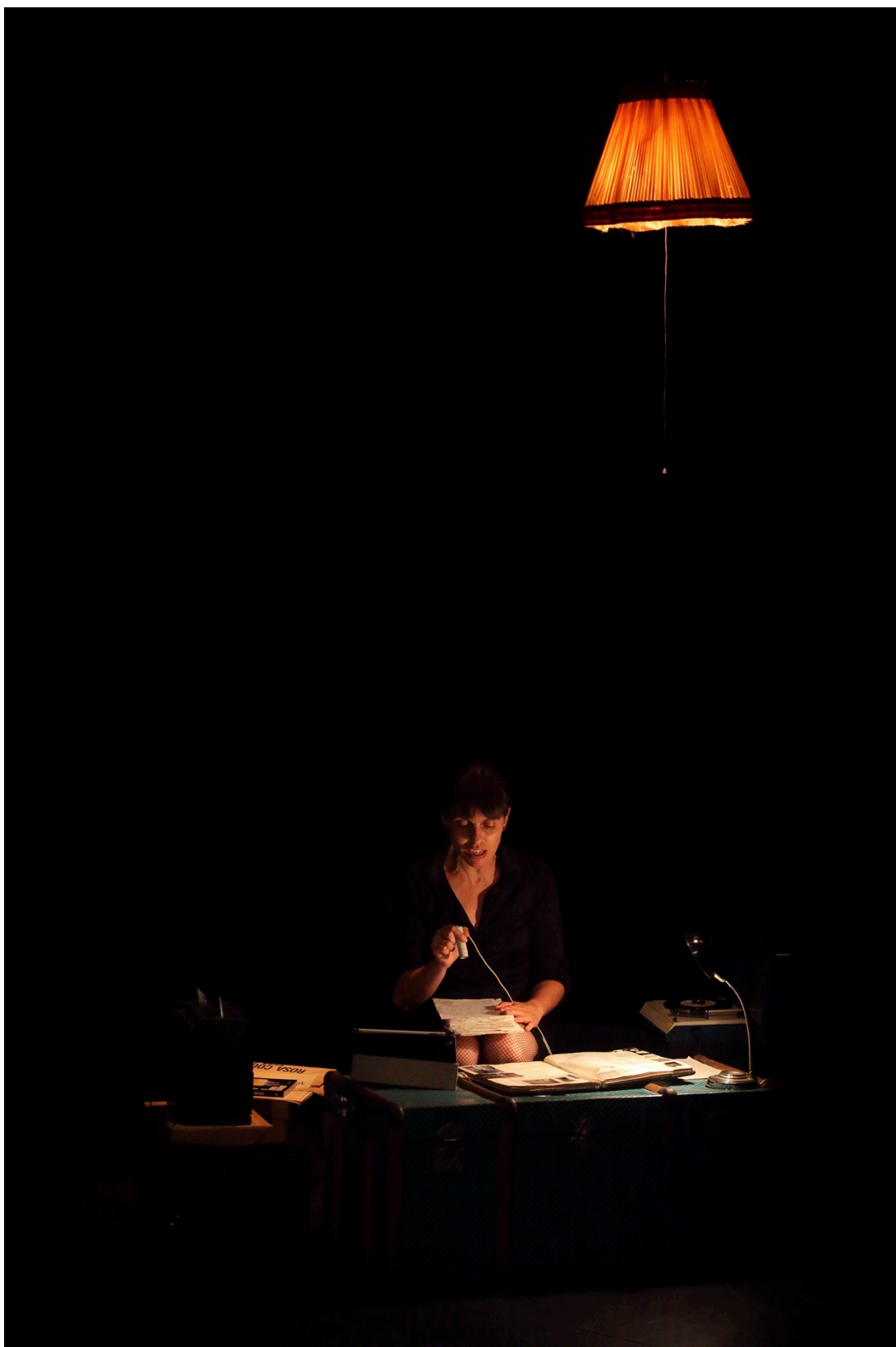
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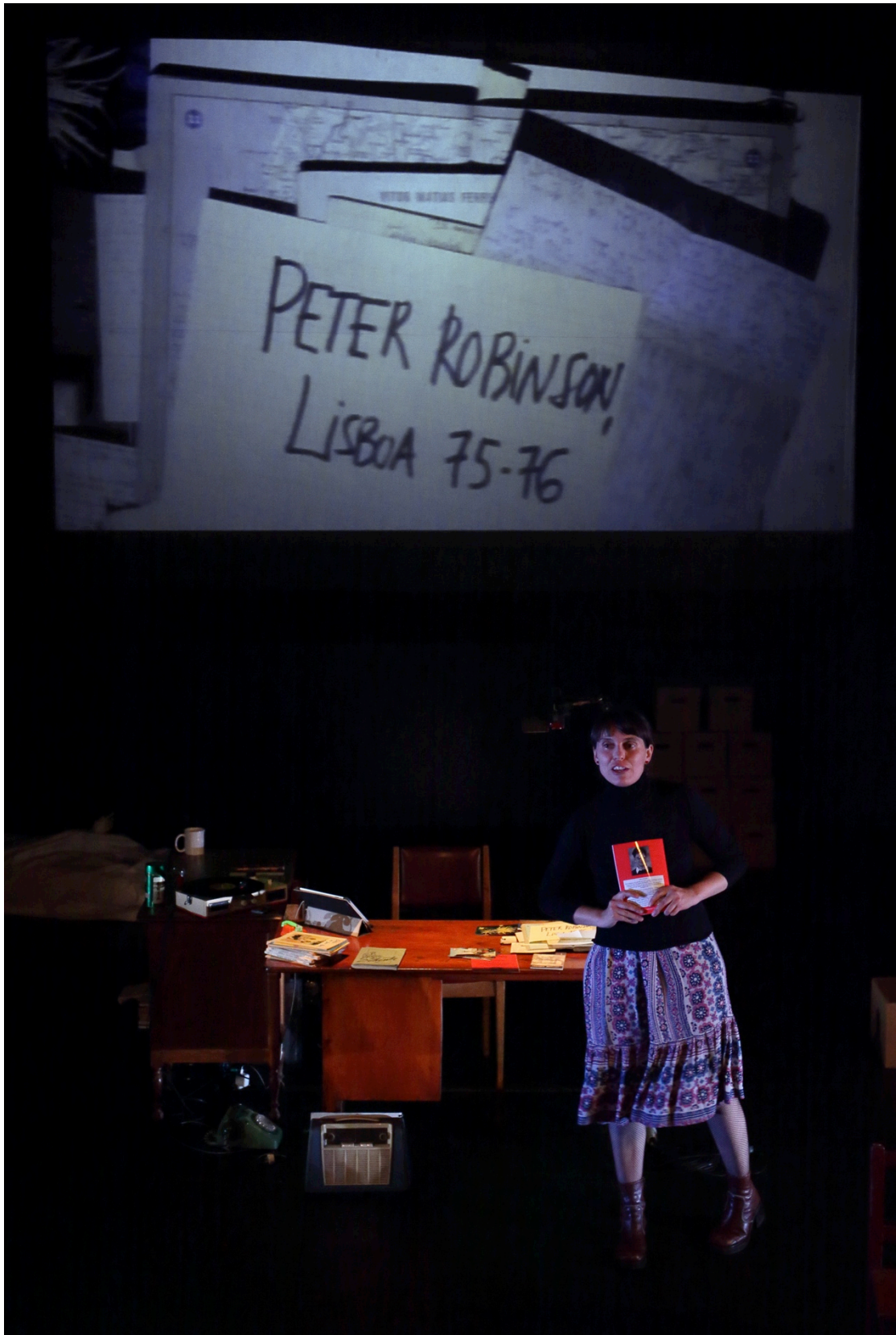
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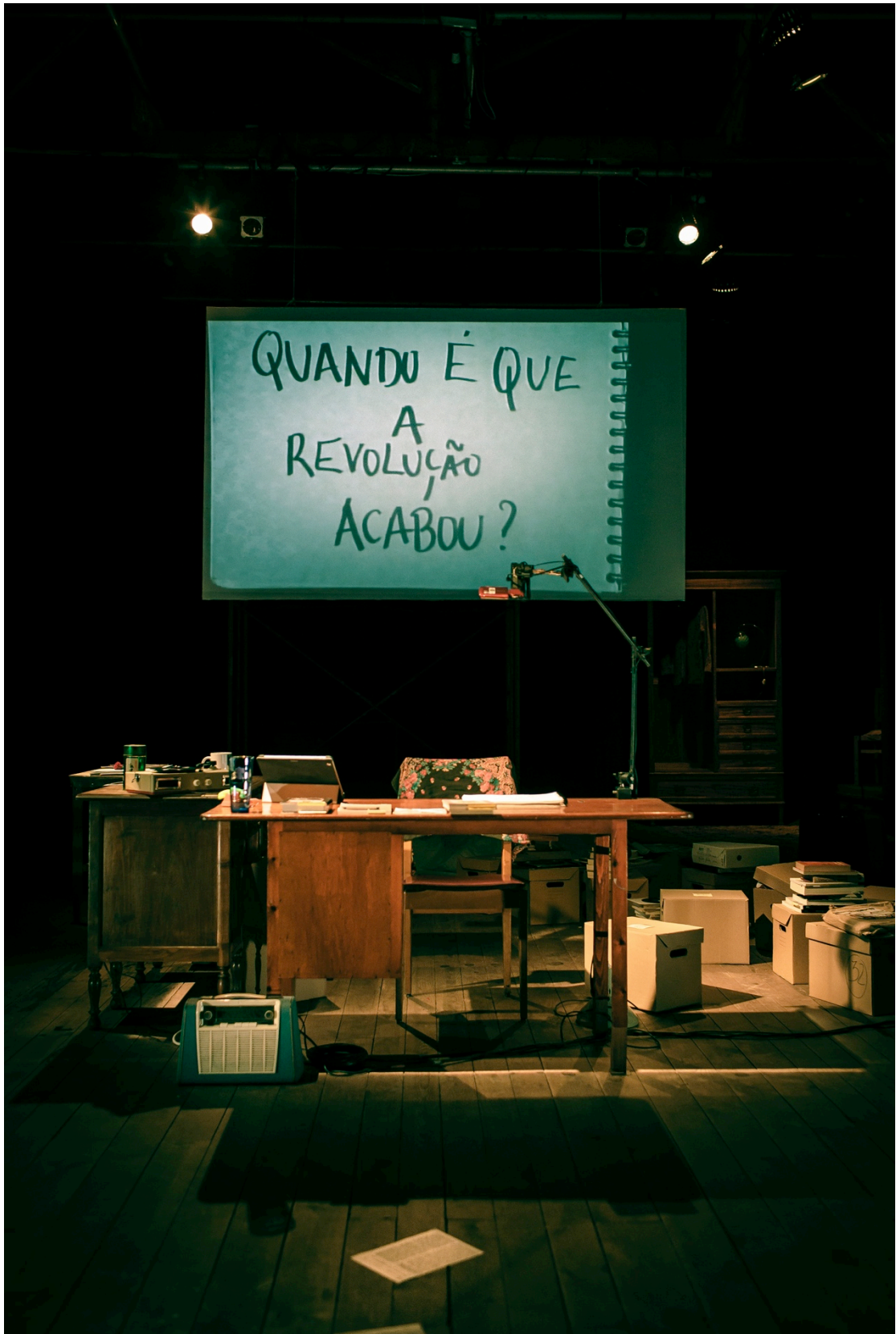
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REVIEWS

O passado colectivo



Começa na Suíça que Portugal queria ser quando fosse grande, acaba no país que sobrou de uma ditadura, uma guerra, uma revolução e uma "normalização" democrática. *Um Museu Vivo de Memórias Pequenas e Esquecidas*, do Teatro do Vestido, é o passado a fazer-se presente para a geração que só chegou no fim da festa, pá, e que 40 anos depois decide ficar acordada até tarde a falar sobre esse e outros assuntos.

Inês Nadais

Uma actriz, quatro horas e meia de espectáculo: Joana Craveiro levanta sozinha em palco mais de 50 anos de vida em Portugal

jamais será vencido

Duas malas à porta – uma verde, outra vermelha, para que não possamos dizer que não fomos avisados: nas quatro horas e meia que se seguem, um país inteiro vai sair do armário –, e o que é que se leva para uma viagem destas?

Uma intimação da PIDE, ao cuidado de Lauretina da Conceição Silva, para prestar declarações na “repartição” da Rua do Heroísmo às 15h do dia 25 de Abril de 1946. Um livro proibido de Pamela Moore, *Chocolates ao Pequeno Almoço*, que na verdade não era sobre culinária mas sobre o despertar sexual de uma mulher. Um disco do Movimento Nacional Feminino que os soldados portugueses ouviram em Angola e Moçambique no Natal de 1961. As sucessivas cassetes em que um retornado descreve o país que o obrigou a ir e o país que o obrigou a voltar – uma guerra de libertação, uma revolução e uma independên-

cia depois. Cravos nas espingardas, pastéis de bacalhau, um copo de vinho. Os panfletos em que o MRPP deseja “longa vida, muito longa vida ao camarada Mao Tsé-Tung”. O 1,49% de Otelo nas presidenciais de 1980. Uma fotografia da escola primária no tempo em que Portugal queria ser como a Suíça quando fosse grande (antes de decidir limitar-se a fazer duas malas, uma verde, outra vermelha, e a emigrar).

Isto é o passado, e tem sido duro edificar sobre ele o Portugal futuro. Tão duro que mais de três décadas depois Portugal continua a ser do tempo da canção de 20 minutos com que José Mário Branco enterrou um país (um país então entregue aos cabrões do FMI, entre outros filhos da puta) aos 37 anos – mais ou menos a idade com que Joana Craveiro começou a colecionar os objectos que desde ontem e até domingo saem dos seus caixotes para que a actriz, encenadora e dramaturga do Teatro do Vestido edifique sobre

eles, atrás de um portão da Rua do Século, em Lisboa, *Um Museu Vivo de Memórias Pequenas e Esquecidas* – sete palestras performativas sobre a ditadura, a revolução e o PREC. É um museu pessoal, porque é ela a miúda recortada contra os Alpes suíços na fotografia que os alunos do Externato Grão Vasco foram fazer ao estúdio da *avenida* nesse ano em que, terminada a festa, pá, Otelo teve 1,49% dos votos, Ramalho Eanes foi reeleito e Portugal voltou àquilo que na verdade nunca tinha deixado de ser – “um país complexo, mais ou menos como agora, só que sem nada para culpar a não ser a revolução” –, e é ela, sozinha, que levanta metade de um século da vida de um país ao longo de quatro horas e meia (com intervalo para pastéis de bacalhau e um ou dois copos de vinho). Mas também é um museu colectivo, apoiado nos abundantes materiais bibliográficos e nas dezenas de entrevistas com que, ao longo dos últimos três anos, Joana

**“Talvez porque sou nostálgica desse tempo de todas as discussões e manifestações que não vivi, de facto interessa-me muito que este objecto ponha as pessoas a falar”
Joana Craveiro**

Craveiro se dispôs a fazer uma reconstituição “quase detectivesca” de uma boa parte do século XX português – incluindo pessoas comuns que nunca tinham falado e que, mais do que “personagens reais” de um espectáculo de teatro se transformam aqui em protagonistas da História que foram fazendo enquanto, lá fora, uma ditadura, uma guerra, uma revolução e uma “normalização” democrática lhes caíam em cima, às vezes obrigando-as a irem-se verdadeiramente abaixo, outras nem por isso.

Certamente não é uma História tão perfeita como a da Suíça – e ainda bem.

Contem-nos como foi

Resultado de uma extensa (e para sempre inacabada) pesquisa “histórica, política e afectiva” sobre as “omissões, revisões e rasuras” que afectam e empobrecem a memória recente do país, *Um Museu Vivo de Memórias Pequenas e Esquecidas* ►

reúne finalmente as sete palestras performativas sobre o Estado Novo, o 25 de Abril e o Processo Revolucionário Em Curso (PREC) em que Joana Craveiro trabalha há vários anos – para chegar a este espectáculo que, com a estreia no Negócio, cumpre, mas não esgota, a sua missão (“Esta investigação continua de forma a tornar o invisível visível”, lê-se contra uma parede no final das quatro horas e meia de vaivém entre o passado e o presente), e também para chegar a tese com que concluirá o doutoramento sobre transmissão da memória política em Portugal na Universidade de Roehampton, em Londres.

Foi, tem sido, uma longa viagem – uma viagem que começou com uma pergunta incomoda que Joana, como muitos dos que só nasceram no fim da festa e fazem parte da chamada “geração da pós-memória”, acredita já ter idade para fazer, de igual para igual, aos que então eram adultos, mesmo que para isso seja preciso ficar acordada até muito tarde, ou mesmo passar algumas noites sem dormir. “A crise pós o Teatro do Vestido a pensar muito sobre como chegámos até aqui – e sobre as explicações simplistas, muitas delas remontando ao 25 de Abril e ao PREC, que se vulgarizaram acerca de como chegámos até aqui. Por todas as razões, incluindo razões pessoais, tinha muita vontade de desmontar esse discurso. Muita vontade de perguntar porque é que a ditadura fascista em Portugal foi uma das mais longas do mundo, por exemplo, e porque é só falamos do que falamos quando falamos da revolução, que é um período com altos e baixos, claro, mas absolutamente impar na Europa – e sobretudo muita, muita vontade de perguntar de que é que nunca falamos”, diz ao Ipsilon.

Nesse sentido, as sete palestras que até domingo apresenta no Negócio configuram um museu alternativo dos cerca de 50 anos que decorreram entre a instauração do Estado Novo e o fim da revolução (outra boa pergunta: quando é que ela realmente acabou?). Assim está escrito no programa de *Um Museu Vivo de Memórias Pequenas e Esquecidas*: “Como uma lição de História que não se aprende em nenhuma disciplina que conheçamos – e talvez por isso mesmo estejamos a construir este espectáculo. Por nunca o termos podido aprender mesmo quando pedimos que nos ensinassem, que nos contassem como as coisas se tinham ‘realmente’ passado.” Dos *Pequenos Actos de Resistência* na Livraria Ulmeiro, ali mesmo ao fundo da rua onde passou toda a infância em Benfica, ao *Português Entrecortado* da revolução que Adelino Gomes fez na rádio para

quem não pôde fazê-la na rua (por estar longe ou por não saber, como Salgueiro Maia, onde ficava o Quartel do Carmo), da história de uma família de retornados que encontrou intacta num conjunto de cassetes que ninguém já tinha coragem de ouvir aos *souvenirs* chineses que a mãe (“Ela é que foi maoísta.”) acumulou em casa nos anos em que a revolução ainda não tinha acabado (a mesma casa onde, “entre 1969 e 1974 se reuniu clandestinamente um grupo que talvez tenha sido o MRPP”), das fichas dos prisioneiros torturados pela PIDE às listas dos livros que estiveram proibidos, Joana Craveiro atravessa as várias pequenas histórias que fazem a História do país em que nasceu, cresceu e quer continuar a viver (e ainda abre um parêntesis para falar da Guerra Colonial, que há-de fechar noutra altura).

Também foi assim que as coisas se passaram.

Dez milhões de histórias

No limite, *Um Museu Vivo de Memórias Pequenas e Esquecidas* é um espectáculo interminável porque há dez milhões de portugueses – cada um com uma história para contar sobre como chegou até aqui, cada um com o seu museu vivo de memórias herdadas ou vividas, o seu património de livros revolucionários sobre a Bolívia ou o Chile que de repente começam a ocupar demasiado espaço na estante, o seu espólio de fotografias de manifestações na Avenida dos Aliados ou na Fonte luminosa, o seu ADN em parte comum ao tio-avô que foi fascista ou aquele primo próximo das F25. Este é o museu vivo de Joana Craveiro, no sentido em que também reflecte um inquérito familiar: “Quis investigar dentro da minha própria família porque havia muitas coisas que até hoje não sabia e porque a transmissão da memória no contexto familiar é determinante neste processo de assimilação do passado”, dizia há uns meses ao Ipsilon quando ainda só ia a meio deste processo.

Agora que chegou ao fim (pelo menos de uma primeira parte: quer continuar a produzir obras para este museu e eventualmente até instalar o material que recolheu e que “é muito valioso” num espaço físico), acrescenta que este espectáculo só fica realmente completo se quem o vier ver “ficar até ao fim e depois ainda quiser falar sobre isso”: “Para mim é determinante que o Museu tenha esse lado participado e vivo do teatro – talvez se possa dizer que isso é porque sou nostálgica desse tempo de todas as discussões e manifestações que não vivi, mas de facto interessa-me muito que este objecto interfira com as pessoas e as ponha a falar. Se isso aconte-

cer – e sei que é difícil porque é um espectáculo desafiante do ponto de vista da duração, da interpretação, do volume de informação –, uma parte da missão do Museu estará cumprida.” Outra parte da missão, admite, já está inscrita no próprio espectáculo, sobretudo pela forma inclusiva como foi construído: “O Museu é meu, mas também é das pessoas que nunca tinham tido uma voz e que eu quis ouvir.” Resistentes, presos políticos, retornados, historiadores, cineastas – mas também vizinhos, colegas da escola, amigos dos pais, pessoas da família, ainda que com omissões, porque, como em todas as famílias, certos segredos persistem (“A minha história pessoal também está ligada a Tete, mas não é uma coisa que eu possa contar aqui hoje”).

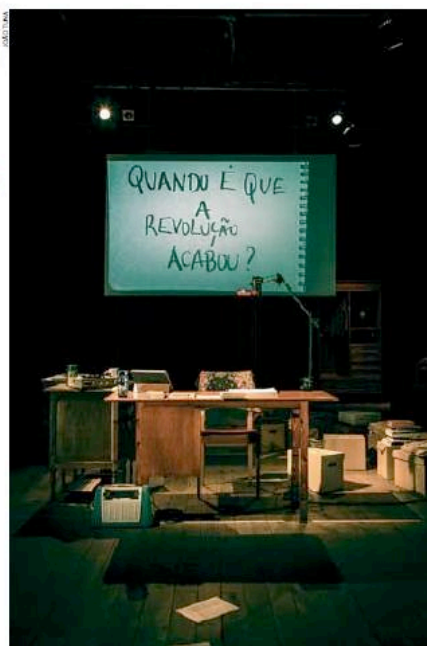
É uma pergunta que já lhe puseram, nas palestras que foi fazendo em Portugal e no estrangeiro para testar o formato e a estrutura do conjunto que agora estreia: porque é que ela, que não estava lá, tem legitimidade para quebrar o silêncio sobre alguns assuntos? “Sou pós-geração, não vivi nada disto em pri-

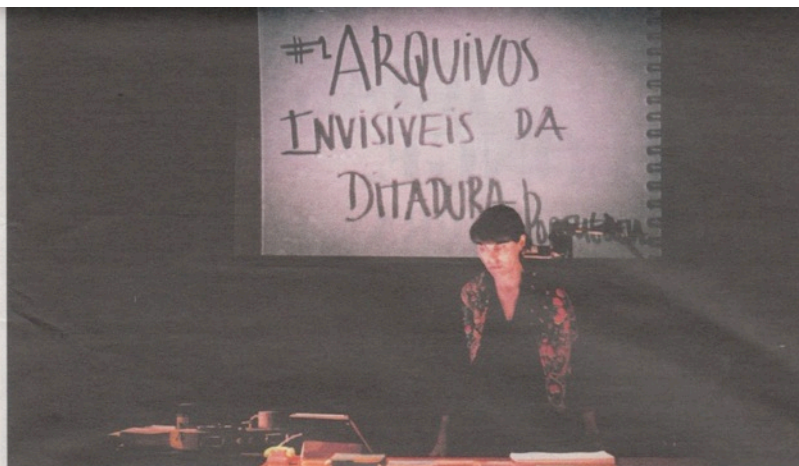
meira mão – mas tenho uma ligação com este passado. Comecei por perguntar-me se conseguiria encontrar em mim e à minha volta esse legado – e encontrei, está em todo o lado. Entretanto, passaram 40 anos e é altura de questionar quem é que em Portugal têm sido os donos da memória – a geração dos meus pais desiluiu-me muito e desiluiu-me muitas vezes. Vamos falar sobre isso, temos direito a falar sobre isso, temos direito até a rir-nos disso. Portanto sim, sinto-me legitimada não só para falar sobre a transmissão da memória política em Portugal como também para ser eu própria agente dessa transmissão através desta performance. Que não é uma versão acabada da História mas a compilação de várias histórias (incluindo a minha) que não têm lugar na narrativa oficial e que eu uso com rigor e com respeito mas também com liberdade – liberdade ideológica, liberdade interpretativa. E, já agora, a liberdade da ficção.”

Também não podemos dizer que não fomos avisados: este país é o que existe, mas também é o que aqui foi inventado.

Um Museu Vivo de Memórias Pequenas e Esquecidas começou com perguntas como esta: quando é que a revolução acabou?

“Sou pós-geração, não vivi nada disto em primeira mão – mas tenho uma ligação com este passado. Portanto sim, sinto-me legitimada não só para falar sobre a transmissão da memória política em Portugal como também para ser eu própria agente dessa transmissão”
Joana Craveiro





Riachos, ribeiros e outros afluentes da revolução

Crítica de Teatro

Um Museu Vivo de Memórias Pequenas e Esquecidas

★★★★★

Texto, encenação e interpretação de Joana Craveiro
Negócio, 13 de Novembro, 20h
Casa cheia

Este Museu é feito de sete palestras, sobre a ditadura, a revolução e o processo revolucionário, que abrangem mais de 80 anos de história, em cerca de quatro horas e meia, e que passam num piscar de olhos. Essa é uma das principais qualidades do espectáculo: dobrar e desdobrar o tempo, como se fosse maleável, para pôr a história à escala dos indivíduos, não dos heróis nem dos vencedores, mas de todo e qualquer um.

As palestras "performativas", como lhes chama a autora e intérprete Joana Craveiro, dão a ver a variedade infinita de revoluções – clandestinas, à margem – que, vindas de tão longe quanto 1926, desembocaram no 25 de Abril e continuam até hoje, quais veios subterrâneos da liberdade, a alimentar o manancial de memórias e acções políticas em Portugal.

São sete estações da revolução, cujos títulos abrem a curiosidade: *Pequenos Actos de Resistência*, *Arquivos Invisíveis da Ditadura Portuguesa* (com fragmentos de uma oitava palestra, *Sobre o Silêncio que Persiste*), *Português Entrecortado*, *Fragmentos de um Processo Revolucionário*, *Espectados de Regressar – História de Uma Família*, *Quando é Revolução Acabou?* e *Pós-memória*. A directora

artística do Teatro do Vestido vai desmanhando os fios destas palestras para revelar não um, mas vários novos da história, que se ligam a cada um dos espectadores.

O lastro que a actriz traz para a cena, na forma de livros, documentos e entrevistas, é apresentado à luz da sua experiência pessoal. Nascida nos anos 1970, Joana Craveiro faz parte de uma geração de artistas de teatro que cresceu quando tudo era possível e amadurece num país oficialmente sem horizonte de expectativas. Essa contradição é imediatamente reconhecida pelos espectadores, quer sejam artistas de teatro ou não, dessa ou de outra geração, que sabem exactamente do que se está a falar.

A apresentação do material ao vivo constitui uma nova experiência pessoal para os presentes, *performer* incluída, que reconstitui o passado e revela o futuro. Se, como previsto, estiverem na sala testemunhas directas dos factos relatados, personalidades públicas ou não, o efeito da apresentação é exponencial. O lastro que cada um traga para a sala é posto em cima da mesa, e essa dádiva faz deste espectáculo um acontecimento cultural, como afirmou outro espectador, mais do que um mero momento de teatro. Ou talvez o teatro só seja teatro quando é um acontecimento cultural.

Ao longo de um serão longo que se poderia levar, com gosto, noite dentro, Joana Craveiro apresenta uma cornucópia de acontecimentos que só uma actriz no pleno uso das suas faculdades técnicas, criativas e políticas poderia fazer. Não se trata de um espectáculo panfletário nem sentimentalista graças ao sentido de hu-

mor, como frisou um espectador no debate que sucede cada apresentação. Antiautoritário por definição, este espectáculo é virado para o futuro.

"Portugal não será o Chile da Europa!" – gritava-se nalgumas das manifestações do Verão Quente de 1975, segundo se conta. De facto, não foi. Enquanto, em Santiago do Chile, a Villa Grimaldi, um dos centros de tortura de Pinochet, dá nome a espectáculos que se apresentam no próprio lugar dos crimes, em Lisboa, o edifício da Rua António Maria Cardoso onde milhares foram submetidos à tortura do sono é hoje um condomínio de luxo onde muitos dormem descansados, sem ouvir os fantasmas.

Na última palestra, pode ouvir-se uma popular, num vídeo das comemorações do 25 de Abril de 2014, lamentar alto e bom som, numa manifestação em frente à antiga sede da PIDE (polícia política), ao Chiado: "E não houve ninguém capaz de matar estes cabrões!" Esta e outras histórias podem ser contadas a partir deste espectáculo, que é um tesouro dado aos portugueses, capaz de furar a hegemonia das indústrias culturais, por um lado, e do teatro oficial, contestatário q.b., mas inócuo de mais, por outro. Este teatro novo – já não tão novo assim – é feito pelos que foram testemunhas inconscientes das revoltas dos anos 70 e entenderam já só os seus ecos em plena era Reagan. Da Argentina ao Brasil e ao Chile, de Portugal à Espanha e à Grécia, há um teatro que recupera das arcaas o sentido da linguagem cénica para trocar histórias de liberdade com cada um dos seus espectadores.

Jorge Loureiro Figueira

Thomas que da sogra sal das chamuscas

Livros

Luís Miguel Queirós

A Sotheby's vai leiloar um caderno com poemas manuscritos do autor galês, que se encontrava "perdido" há décadas

Um caderno do poeta, dramata e ficcionista galês Dylan Thomas (1913-1953), com um extenso conjunto de poemas manuscritos, apareceu repentinamente nas mãos dos herdeiros de Louie King, a empregada doméstica da sogra de Thomas, Yvonne Macnamara. O caderno, cuja descoberta está a entusiasmar os especialistas na obra de Thomas, de quem se comemora este ano o centésimo aniversário, vai ser leiloado em Londres pela Sotheby's, no dia 12 de Dezembro, com um preço de base de 180 mil euros.

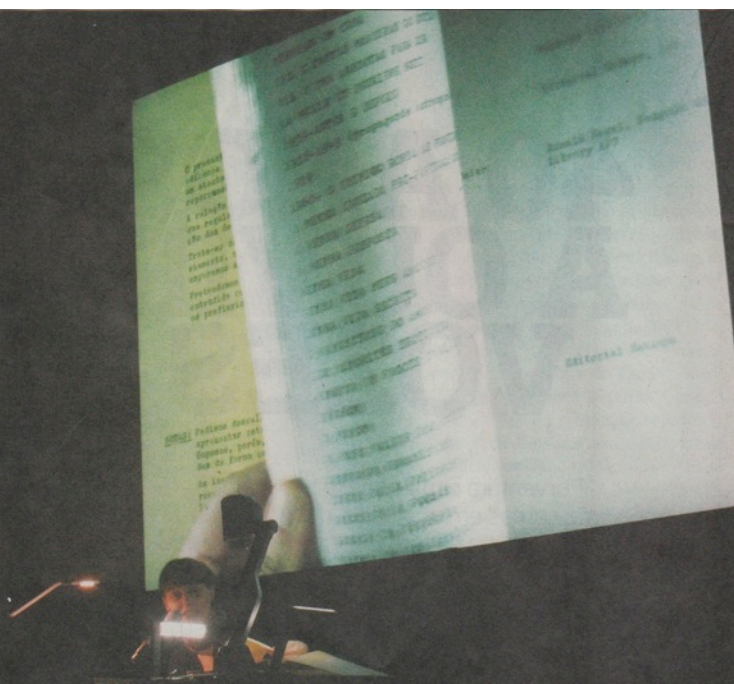
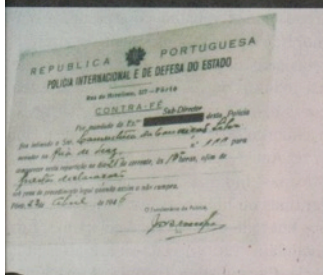
Juntamente com o caderno, a Sotheby's vai leiloar uma carta escrita pelo punho de Thomas que menciona o pouco apreço que este tinha pela sogra: "Este pedaço de carne inglesa aplanar-te a inteligência diz o poeta, lamentando-se de que a única coisa que tem para fazer é sentada a odiar a sogra" e "resmatar a respeito dela no silêncio triste e gajoso do quarto-de-banho".

A sogra, mãe de Caitlin Macnamara (1913-1994), uma dançarina de ópera irlandesa com quem Thomas se casou em 1937, pagava-lhe na moeda, como sugere o facto de ter dado ordens à criada para que o caderno do genro. Numa nota deixada escrita na capa do caderno, Louie King, que morreria em 1994, explica: "Este livro de poemas



Dylan Thomas é um dos mais importantes poetas do século XX

Joana Craveiro numa das palestras de "Um Museu Vivo de Memórias Pequenas e Esquecidas"



A HISTÓRIA DAS PESSOAS

Para Joana Craveiro, perceber a história é perceber as histórias das pessoas, o que elas contam, o que elas dizem

Texto João Carneiro

"Não sou historiadora, sou uma artista", é uma frase que vem de vez em quando, ao longo das conversas que fomos tendo, durante muitos meses, acompanhando este trabalho. É um espetáculo e é também parte integrante de um trabalho académico mais vasto, que depende do que se passar com estas apresentações. Porque tem a ver com a história, com a memória e com a representação destas coisas. E Joana Craveiro, além do seu trabalho na área das Ciências Sociais, é uma artista — afinal, ela é fundadora do Teatro do Vestido, esse mesmo que apresenta o espetáculo, agora, na ZDB.

Em agosto, no Citemor, houve uma apresentação parcial do projeto, que agora se pode ver na sua integralidade. O alinhamento, seguindo uma cronologia que começa pelo Estado Novo e vai até ao PREC, mantém-se como previsto, ou seja: um prólogo, pessoal, que parte de uma fotografia; "pequenos atos de resistência", que como o nome indica fala de pequenas coisas (pelo menos, em aparência), como vender e comprar livros proibidos; "arquivos invisíveis da ditadura

portuguesa", "que fala sobre a repressão estatal e sobre aquilo que eu acho que ainda perdura disso"; depois vem o "português entrecortado", sobre o próprio golpe do 25 de Abril, aquilo que Joana Craveiro acha "que mais se aproxima de uma historiografia tradicional"; "depois vou fazer um intervalo, vamos ceiar no 25 de Abril de 74". E em seguida vamos regressar para os 'fragmentos de um processo revolucionário', "no qual vou contar as histórias de algumas pessoas que participaram no processo revolucionário e que eu entrevistei"; há uma passagem pela descolonização, "com a história de uma família de retornados, que entrevistei também", chama-se "espantados de regressar". "Utilizei coisas dessa família num espetáculo em Viseu, mas voltei a entrevistá-los posteriormente, recolhi mais material, tive acesso ao diário de um avô que foi nos anos 40 para Angola, emprestaram-me um álbum de fotografias, cassetes que ele gravou a recitar o diário, e com este material estou a construir uma história da família, como exemplo"; depois vem "quando é que a revolução aca-

bou", onde muitos problemas são levantados; e então é o fim: "pós-memória", ou "pós-geração", onde se fala das mais recentes comemorações do 25 de Abril e também de coisas que estavam por dizer. "É uma palestra, mas mais intimista, pessoal, mas não autobiográfica, onde apresento de uma maneira mais declarada a minha reflexão pessoal sobre tudo isto. Sete partes e um prólogo."

Todo este trabalho de reflexão, de recolha de material e de escrita — um trabalho de campo, na verdadeira aceção da palavra — desemboca numa criação artística, é certo. Mas é percorrido por algumas preocupações muito evidentes, uma das quais será, indubitavelmente, o interesse por uma história que é a história pessoal de pessoas — das pessoas, aliás —, "independentemente de diferenças de opinião, de divergências ideológicas". Por isso, a primeira conferência foi sujeita a uma expansão decorrente de um testemunho recente, de uma pessoa que participou ativamente na guerra colonial — e é assim que a guerra colonial adquire um peso cada vez maior em toda esta realização. É um testemunho de um militar, exemplar, que tem como ideia central a maldade intrínseca de toda a guerra. A partir desta consideração, falar de episódios como massacres, por exemplo, é tão inevitável como lógico, se lógico é uma palavra que se pode aplicar a uma realidade que desafia toda e qualquer ordem estabelecida, toda e qualquer atitude moral em que a distinção entre bem e mal seja importante. A guerra é o mundo às avessas, na sua negatividade radical.

A guerra está, aliás, presente em todo o trabalho, quer explicitamente, quer como uma sombra ou uma presença em bastidores, tal como nos discursos políticos atuais e triviais, exclusivamente guiados por uma lógica de exclusão em que termos como 'amigo', 'inimigo' ou 'aliados' recobrem uma lógica generalizada, globalizada, de exclusão e de conflito.

Podemos aprender com a história tal como com a arte?, com o discurso do historiador tal como com o discurso do artista? Se a história se faz "para compreendermos a nossa própria vida", como referiu recentemente numa entrevista o historiador Ivan Jablonka ("Le Monde", 3/10/2014), ainda de acordo com o mesmo académico "são escritores, são jornalistas que se apropriam de um pedaço de real — presente ou passado — para o compreender. E isso não é outra coisa a não ser a atitude das Ciências Sociais". Sete conferências, um prólogo e uma ceia no meio, durante quatro dias, na ZDB. **A**

Todo este trabalho de reflexão, de recolha de material e de escrita desemboca numa criação artística

UM MUSEU VIVO DE MEMÓRIAS PEQUENAS E ESQUECIDAS
— 7 PALESTRAS PERFORMATIVAS SOBRE A DITADURA, A REVOLUÇÃO E O PREC
de Joana Craveiro
ZDB, Lisboa, de 13 a 16

7, 8 e 9 de Novembro

AUDIO SH

tudo o que de melhor existe em som e imagem num só local

Hotel Pestana Palace
Rua Jau, 54 • Alto de Santo Amaro
Lisboa



Em 2014, o teatro português fez-se mais do que nunca sob o signo da memória política: aqui, *Um Museu Vivo de Memórias Pequenas e Esquecidas*, do Teatro do Vestido

Mudar de voz

A revolução surgiu vezes sem conta este ano no teatro português. Mas não foi apenas o tema de vários espectáculos: o teatro português está a trocar o discurso pelos gestos, as palavras pelas acções, os efeitos pelos afectos.

**Jorge Loureiro
Figueira**

O ano começou sob o signo da memória política, com *Coriolano*, de Nuno Cardoso, tendo por cenário a escadaria das manifestações em frente à Assembleia da República. Ainda em Janeiro, o Teatro do Vestido estreou em Viseu *Retornos, Exílios e Alguns que Ficaram*, sobre as memórias dos retornados das ex-colónias portuguesas em África. E estavam para vir duas grandes produções sobre o início do século XX português: *Tropa-Fandanga*, no Teatro Nacional D. Maria II (TNDMII), e *Al Mada Nada*, no Teatro Nacional São João (TNSJ), que, através do teatro musical e das suas formas populares, revivificadas pela irreverência do Teatro Praga e de Ricardo Pais, actualizavam, por assim dizer, a Primeira Guerra Mundial e a geração de *Orpheu*. Nem

tudo era festa: *Tropa-Fandanga* recuperava o discurso viral de Joana Manuel sobre a geração perdida destes anos 10 e *Al Mada Nada* terminava com uma evocação de *Bella Ciao*, hino do movimento operário italiano. O mesmo tema apareceu em Setembro, na versão de *Gota d'Água*, de Chico Buarque, que Luísa Pinto encenou no Constantino Nery, em Matosinhos, com direcção musical de Carlos Tê. Em Abril, O Bando esteve na TSF na madrugada de Abril, num simulacro de ocupação que chegou a confundir alguns ouvintes. Sérgio Godinho, que tinha canções em *Tropa-Fandanga*, criou um concerto — *Liberdade* — a convite do então director do São Luiz, José Luís Ferreira. Em Maio, estreou-se *Marx na Baixa*, a versão portuguesa de *Marx in Soho*, de Howard Zinn. Em Junho, no Culturgest, *Le Capital*,

de Sylvain Creuzevault, trouxe de novo Karl Marx, e a revolução de 1848, à cena. Depois disso, ainda estrearam, *Pilades*, da Cornucópia; *Bura*, da Palmilha Dentada; *Onde é que eu já vi isto*, perguntou ele, do Cendrev; *Nova, Caledónia*, de Miguel Loureiro e André Guedes. E finalmente, dando algum sentido a tudo isto, o Teatro do Vestido voltou à carga em Novembro, com o seu *Museu Vivo de Memórias Pequenas e Esquecidas*, em cujo programa, citando Paula Godinho, se lia que “em Portugal, na ausência de uma Comissão da Verdade e Justiça, ou algo semelhante, são os activistas, os cientistas sociais, os historiadores, bem como os artistas, quem tem levado a cabo esse paciente trabalho de reconstituição”.

A maioria dos artistas que fez estes espectáculos não tem memória da revolução. É um teatro feito pelas testemunhas inconscientes dos anos 70, que buscam não a memória mas o sonho colectivo. Os criadores que saíram à rua no 25 de Abril estão, aliás, a passar o testemunho. Talvez por isso os melhores espectáculos desta safra sejam os alusivos, que abrem caminho numa zona de utopia, e não os que tratam a História directamente. Sem as alegorias que permitem ligar a experiência de um destino comum à experiência de uma actualidade fragmentária, a teatralidade ficaria num impasse, incapaz de se constituir enquanto cena ou espaço de transformação.

O conteúdo está na forma, a posição política está no dispositivo — o conjunto de regras que determina

quem faz o quê no jogo teatral, espectador incluído. O melhor teatro português deste ano pôs ao mesmo nível o explícito e o implícito, o que é ouvido e o que é visto, o pessoal e o público. O texto surge como matéria corporal, de autoridade relativa. Cria-se a partir de documentos e depoimentos, muitas vezes de biografias, que reforçam a relação sensorial, emotiva e empírica com a cena. Apresentar a fábula, em vez de representar, é palavra de ordem. O que os actores fazem nestes espectáculos é sempre pessoal. Em momento algum são postigos, nem mesmo quando a máscara que colocam é muito diferente da vida quotidiana.

Os espectáculos portugueses desta lista traduzem bem alguns destes

As testemunhas inconscientes dos anos 70 buscam não a memória mas o sonho colectivo. Os criadores que saíram à rua no 25 de Abril, aliás, estão a passar o testemunho

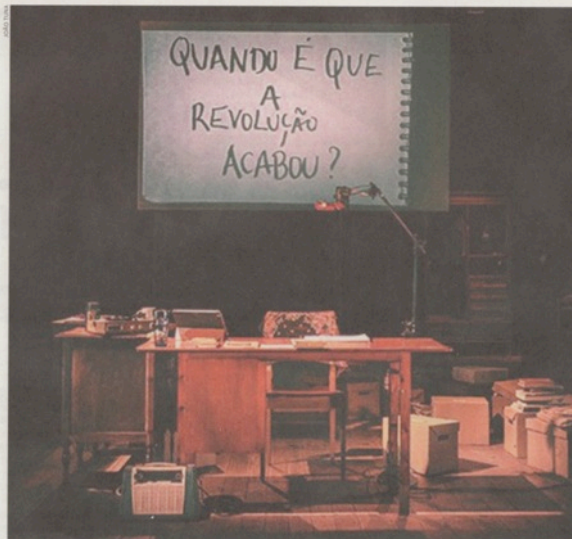
aspectos. Rogério de Carvalho, cuja encenação encabeça o balanço do Ipsilon, não é novato nestas andanças: *Quatro Horas em Chatila e Os Negros*, por exemplo, já punham o dedo na ferida pós-colonialista europeia, cujas cicatrizes vão do Médio Oriente à África Ocidental e mais além. Neste espectáculo, apurou o método e encontrou um texto ideal para a sua visão de teatro: *As Verdadeiras Confissões de um Terrorista Albino* permitiram-lhe traduzir o texto numa realidade cénica distinta, para recriar o horror numa zona de não-dito, porque “o que tem lugar não se pode dizer com a língua que se fala vulgarmente”, como afirma.

Oficiais e Interinos

As mudanças de forma estão a ser acompanhadas por mudanças no acesso aos meios de produção, algumas ocorridas este ano, que se prevêem duradouras. A nomeação de Tiago Rodrigues, no TNDMII, com Miguel Honrado na administração; de Tiago Guedes, no Rivoli e no Campo Alegre, com Paulo Cunha e Silva na vercação; e de Gonçalo Amorim, no FITEI (e no TEP desde 2013), são importantes: sucedem a directores e administradores muito mais velhos (João Mota, Filipe a Féria, Júlio Gago) e têm mais cumplicidade entre si do que os veteranos. As expectativas de cooperação entre Miguel Honrado, Tiago Rodrigues, Mark Deputter e quem quer que fique no São Luiz e no Centro Cultural de Belém (CCB) são grandes. No Porto, o mesmo se espera entre Tiago Guedes, Gonçalo Amorim e Nuno Carlinhas, ou quem estiver no TNSJ no fim de 2015.

O sistema passará a funcionar de modo mais coeso, atingindo um novo ponto de equilíbrio, com espectáculos e criadores dentro de um circuito nacional de teatros públicos e municipais, e redes financiadas por programas europeus. Os espectáculos estarão cada vez mais adaptados à circulação, por um lado, e aos critérios de programação (interactividade, formação, inclusão, etc.), por outro. O perigo é que fique tudo igual.

Está ainda muito por definir: o São Luiz entrará em 2015 sem director artístico? O CCB sem director do centro de espectáculos? A DGArtes sem subdirector? Continuarão na gaveta as *shortlists* para director (há mais de meio ano) e subdirector (há mais de um ano)? Face a este panorama de direcções interinas, o Porto parece um oásis, com o Teatro Rivoli e o Teatro Campo Alegre devolvidos à cidade, como se esperava, a nova sala da Mala Voadora com programação regular, e o TNSJ sempre firme, contra as adversidades. Os concursos de apoio às artes que abrirão a todo o momento, já muito atrasados, vão condicionar os próximos anos. Muitos dos criadores que estão a renovar a cena portuguesa irão a concurso. Só no fim de 2016, porém, quando acabarem os programas de apoio quadriennais, saberemos quão longe foram as mudanças iniciadas este ano.



1

As Confissões Verdadeiras de um Terrorista Albino

De Breyten Breytenbach. Encenação de Rogério de Carvalho. Pelo Teatro Griot
2 a 4 de Setembro e 10 a 21 de Dezembro, Teatro do Bairro, Lisboa (Próximo Futuro)

Rogério de Carvalho, ovni do teatro português há mais de 40 anos, continua com dúvidas. E, no entanto, a mão parece-nos sempre segura, a direcção sempre confiante, a gestão do tempo da palavra sempre inventiva. As dúvidas de Rogério de Carvalho vêm, afinal, do modo como desaparece no interior do compromisso que há anos estabeleceu com o teatro: o de dar a ver o que não admitimos como evidente. Não é teatro que se esqueça aquele que é assinado por Rogério de Carvalho, a única dúvida é aquela que se instala no final deste espectáculo: o que nos aconteceu? Na dolorosa viagem de resiliência e resistência que é de Breyten Breytenbach, é também a história da nobreza dos homens e do seu reverso que se conta. Perante o poder de um texto como este, onde a história da África do Sul é a história de uma luta entre os extremos da natureza humana, Rogério de Carvalho recusa os artificios da narrativa e propõe uma decomposição da memória através de sete notáveis actores (Ana Rosa Mendes, Daniel Martinho, Giovanni Lourenço, Maria Duarte, Matamba Joaquim, Miguel Eloy, Zia Soares) que ampliam as palavras do resistente sul-africano sem nunca as transformarem em mito. O grande saber da encenação está na filigrânica abordagem dramática que sabe trazer, através das pausas e dos gestos, os tempos e as memórias de um país dividido — como se fôssemos convidados a participar num ritual ancestral. Político e místico sem ser ideológico nem religioso — não é teatro que se esqueça. **Tiago Bartolomeu Costa**



What happens to the hope at the end of the evening

De Tim Crouch e Andy Smith. Encenação de Karl James
25 a 27 de Setembro, Culturgest, Lisboa

A intimidade de Tim Crouch e Andy Smith com o público de Lisboa não é de menosprezar. Os principais trabalhos de ambos puderam ser vistos na Culturgest, e no último, *The Author*, os actores sentavam-se entre os espectadores. Neste espectáculo estamos ao mesmo tempo na sala de estar de Andy, intelectual conformado, e num teatro, assistindo ao seu reencontro com Tim, revolucionário desassossegado. Ao mesmo tempo que se confrontam estes dois destinos comuns dos movimentos políticos europeus, confrontam-se também dois modos de fazer teatro, um mais ficcional, outro mais documental, ambos pessoalíssimos. A sensação é de que se precipita numa noite única toda a história do mundo (e todo o teatro contemporâneo). **J.L.F.**

Um Museu Vivo de Memórias Pequenas e Esquecidas

De Joana Craveiro. Pelo Teatro do Vestido
13 a 16 de Novembro, Negócio/ZDB, Lisboa

Este *Museu* é feito de sete palestras — sobre a ditadura, a revolução e o processo revolucionário —, numa cornucópia de factos, depoimentos e documentos que abrange mais de 80 anos da História de Portugal. O lastro que a actriz traz para a cena é apresentado à luz da sua experiência como testemunha inconsciente dos anos 70. O lastro que cada espectador leva para a sala faz deste espectáculo um acontecimento cultural, maior do que uma peça de teatro. Um manancial para a dramaturgia portuguesa, assim este trabalho seja visto nos próximos anos. **J.L.F.**

Le Sorelle Macaluso

De Emma Dante
18 de Julho, Escola D. António da Costa, Almada (Festival de Almada)

Aquilo que distingue o trabalho de Emma Dante na cena internacional é o modo como reivindica a singularidade da Sicília. Sem precisar de palavras cheias e metáforas vagas, sem precisar mesmo de imagens fixas e cenários finitos, apenas do corpo dos intérpretes, exposto como ferida aberta e herdada de uma terra de dor e de esquecimento. A vida das irmãs Macaluso é essa história à escala da desgraça privada e das atrizes que, num gesto de absoluta



Tropa-Fandanga

Pelo Teatro Praga. Encenação de Pedro Zegre Penim, José Maria Vieira Mendes e André e Teodósio
20 de Fevereiro a 16 de Março, Teatro Nacional D. Maria II, Lisboa

O exercício de revisitação a que o Teatro Praga sujeitou a revista e o Portugal em crise foi também um olhar sobre um percurso de quase 20 anos reconstruído por uma inteligência dramática e musical e por uma elegância visual que douraram este mergulho em apneia num indigesto mal-estar social. Entre duas guerras e uma revolução, a revista voltou a passar pelo Rossio e quis saber se o teatro também tem culpa deste estado de coisas. **T.B.C.**

Ubu Roi

De Alfred Jarry. Encenação de Declan Donnellan. Pela Cheek By Jowl
14 de Julho, Escola D. António da Costa, Almada (Festival de Almada)

Declan Donnellan conseguiu minimizar a eventual resistência à escatologia de *Ubu Roi*, ao tratar a peça de Jarry como o delírio de um adolescente sobre os seus pais, e assim provar como a visão fantástica e cruel das crianças por vezes se aproxima mais da realidade do que as maneiras fingidas que os mais velhos usam entre si. A capacidade dos actores para se deixarem tomar pela imaginação teatral e oscilarem entre um registo realista, familiar, doméstico, e outro surrealista, aventuroso, épico, é uma prova da maestria do encenador. **J.L.F.**

Demónios

De Lars Norén. Encenação de Nuno Cardoso. Pelo Ao Cabo Teatro/ O Cão Danado e Companhia
13 de Junho, Centro Cultural Vila Flor, Guimarães (Festivais Gil Vicente); 8 de Novembro, Teatro Circo, Braga; 12 de Novembro, Teatro Académico de Gil Vicente, Coimbra

Nuno Cardoso conduziu quatro

violência fosse crelado, e simbólica, de outras peças, de *de Virginia Woolf?*, Albee, a *Ocidente*, soam como uma le traumas anteriores torna-se um ritual o amor é reduzido o horror dos espec

António e Cleópatra

De Tiago Rodrigues William Shakespeare de Tiago Rodrigues
5 a 8 de Dezembro, Casa da Belém, Lisboa

O encontro entre o Rodrigues, que ensaia existir a partir da si e o movimento de : Roriz, que se const imagem imaginada perfeição esta aprc *António e Cleópatra* raro de diálogo ent que se resgatem de teatro artificioso e sopro de utopia pa importa se é dança de movimento, im de Shakespeare se palavras se tornam

Protocolo

De Jorge Andrade Voadora
3 a 8 de Junho, Teatro II, Lisboa (Alcantara) Junho, Mala Voadora,

Um espectáculo so social que faz da et espectáculo, a part descrição do proto Luís XIV e graças a da cordialidade hal montada. Se é uma apenas reafirma a c classe, ou um exer corporal que faz re regras da sociedade contemporânea, is espectador decidir propiciada é total actores, que se vêe para acertar o pass

Os Buddenbrooks

De Thomas Mann Puppentheater H
9 e 10 de Maio, Teatro Lisboa (FIMFA)

Com o romance de lido pelas marionet do Puppentheater l perigosa vertigem c sociedade. Transfoi mudança de século inadaptação, fixada daquela família aba



ILUSÕES VERDADEIRAS

Enquanto se discute se o livro vai acabar, alguns dos melhores artistas criam os seus espetáculos a partir, justamente, dos mais exigentes universos literários — ou, simples e laboriosamente, reinventam tradições

Texto João Carneiro

É uma verdade universalmente aceite que o melhor encenador português se chama Luís Miguel Cintra. Por isso, não será de admirar que três espetáculos por si encenados figurem como um só — apesar de muito diferentes entre si. Um, uma sublime tragédia de Eurípides, primorosamente traduzida por Frederico Lourenço, e com uma interpretação exemplar de Luísa Cruz; outro, uma tragédia de Pasolini que reescreve a antiguidade para um presente em que algumas das situações mais ingratas em que um ser humano se pode encontrar são apresentadas sob uma forma em que a qualidade literária, a densidade poética e a estruturação dramática continuam a ser exemplos em todas estas categorias; enfim, uma realização que juntou atores de todas as idades a trabalhar de graça num espetáculo feito de bocados, como os sonhos, e que deu realidade concreta àquilo que também era, e que lhe dava o nome: "Ilusão".

Bruno Bravo, Luís Castro, António Pires e Sofia Dinger serviram-se brilhantemente das palavras dos outros — Oscar Wilde, Pasolini, Adília Lopes e Jean Renoir, embora neste último caso não tivessem sido apenas palavras, mas imagens várias — para fazer aquilo que se espera de um artista: criar coisas que agem sobre nós de maneira a que depois dessa exposição não somos exatamente os mesmos. E Joana Craveiro trabalhou herculeamente para dar a ver a possibilidade de transformar em arte o registo da história, da memória e das palavras de pessoas normais sobre assuntos pouco triviais.

Declan Donnellan mostrou que as coisas mais simples e tradicionais do teatro — a leitura atenta dos textos, o trabalho dos atores — podem produzir resultados inesperados, novos, e brilhantes. "Dementia" era um grande espetáculo na tradição de uma Europa em que literatura, música e teatro sempre vieram

em ondas que, quando rebitam, revelam mil surpresas do fundo do mar; um pouco como "Savanna", que com bonecos e pequenos motores articulava o mundo dos humanos e dos animais com a simplicidade da infância e a gravidade da filosofia. Finalmente, "Some Use for Your Broken Clay Pots" fazia aquilo que se transformou numa raridade: uma performance inteligente, politicamente implicada, impecavelmente estruturada. Tudo ilusões reais. A

ESCOLHAS

ION/ILUSÃO/PILADES

enc. Luís Miguel Cintra

SAVANNA

de Amit Dorai

FIMFA LX 2014

O RETRATO DE DORIAN GRAY

a partir de O. Wilde

enc. Bruno Bravo

PETRÓLEO

a partir de Pasolini

enc. Luís Castro

UBU ROI

de A. Jarry

enc. Declan Donnellan (F. Almada)

MANA, SOLTA A GATA

a partir de Adília Lopes

enc. António Pires

A GRANDE ILUSÃO

de Sofia Dinger

SOME USE FOR YOUR

BROKEN CLAY POTS

de Christopher Meierhans

DEMENTIA

de Kormel Mundruczo

FRAGMENTOS DE UM MUSEU

VIVO DE MEMÓRIAS PEQUENAS

E ESQUECIDAS

de Joana Craveiro

Le lac des signes

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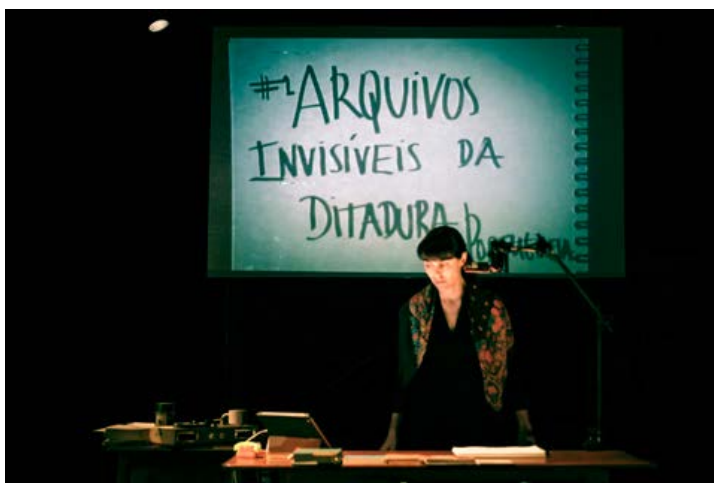


Au Portugal, une mémoire à vif de la révolution de 1974

jeudi 16 juillet 2015, par Marina Da Silva

6 commentaires

Elle est née l'année de la « révolution des œillets » et elle n'a pas froid aux yeux. Avec *Um museu vivo de memorias pequenas e esquecidas* (*Un musée vivant de mémoires infimes et oubliées*), Joana Craveiro — dont le patronyme jongle aussi avec le mot œillet (cravo) —, se lance corps et âme dans la construction d'un spectacle théâtral hors norme. Lorsqu'elle en annonce la couleur : quatre heures trente avec juste un entracte (où elle offre une restauration dans une ambiance « révolutionnaire »), on a d'abord quelque hésitation, vite balayée devant la prouesse de cette actrice-narratrice d'exception.



Il faut dire que Joana est aussi anthropologue et qu'elle maîtrise son sujet sur le bout des doigts et de la langue. La pièce est l'aboutissement d'un travail de recherche qu'elle mène depuis quatre ans sur le grand récit national construit autour de la révolution de 1974. Elle a non seulement collecté et analysé une grande quantité de documents et d'archives, plus ou moins connus, mais aussi recueilli des témoignages inédits de personnes anonymes à qui elle redonne une parole publique, et qu'elle croise avec sa propre histoire familiale.

« Lire aussi Eduardo Geda, « [La "révolution des œillets" et son cinéma](http://www.monde-diplomatique.fr/1976/09/GEADA/33904) [<http://www.monde-diplomatique.fr/1976/09/GEADA/33904>] », *Le Monde diplomatique*, septembre 1976. » « *La mémoire est une lutte* » : cette citation d'Elizabeth Jelin lui sert de fil conducteur et d'objectif. On est véritablement impressionné par la rigueur et l'engagement de ce travail qui ne se contente pas

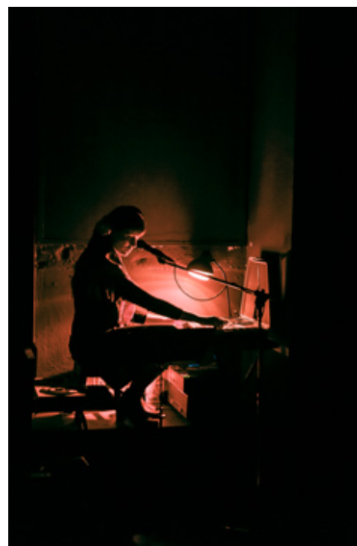
de dérouler des faits, des événements, de les extraire de l'oubli où ils ont été relégués, mais installe une relation dialectique avec le spectateur, l'invitant à penser le présent. Pourquoi n'y a-t-il jamais eu de Commission Vérité et Justice au Portugal ? Pourquoi les agents de la PIDE [1] ont-ils pu tous filer à l'étranger et se défilier d'avoir à répondre de leurs crimes et tortures ? Pire encore, souligne-t-elle, « *comment le président de la République, Cavaco Silva, a-t-il pu refuser une distinction honorifique à Salgueiro Maia [2], alors qu'il allait par la suite décorer en grande pompe deux responsables de la PIDE ?* ».

Premier ministre durant dix ans (de 1985 à 1995), Cavaco Silva est aussi pour la chercheuse l'un des principaux artisans du processus révisionniste de la « révolution d'avril ». Elle cite ainsi sur le plateau Paula Godinho [3] qui fait remonter ce processus à la fin des années 1980, à travers l'entreprise de « *disqualification de la révolution* » et de « *la minorisation du caractère répressif de l'Estado Novo [4], imposant un autre agenda politique* ». Une version officielle de l'histoire qui évacue en particulier la colonisation — ce que la dictature nommait ses « provinces ultramarines » —, et la décolonisation qu'elle a traité dans sa précédente pièce, *Os retornados (Les rapatriés)*.

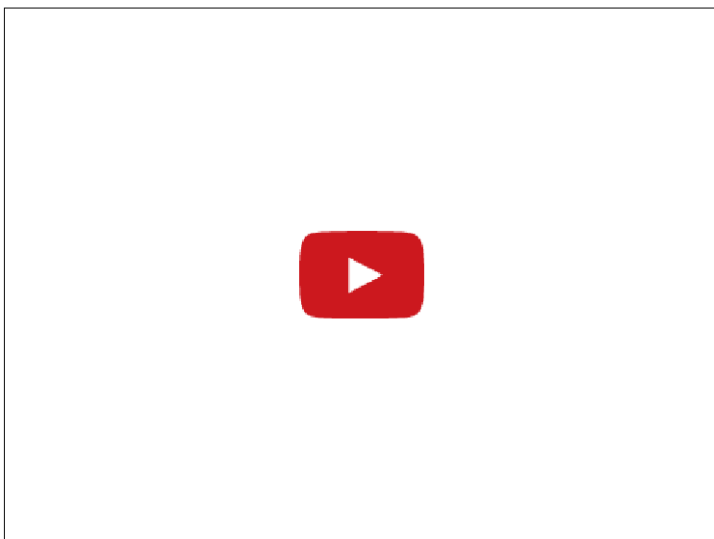
Pour organiser toute cette matière dense et complexe qui parcourt les quatre-vingt-dix dernières années de l'histoire du Portugal, elle a imaginé un découpage en sept performances-thématiques autour de l'Estado Novo et de son idéologie de soumission, de la Révolution et du PREC (Processus révolutionnaire en cours), interrogeant le moment où la révolution a pris fin et dénonçant le silence persistant qui la recouvre.

Pour interpréter ce récit épique, elle compose son propre personnage d'archiviste, témoin de l'histoire, qui va donner vie et voix à de multiples acteurs. Elle se met en scène, petite fille puis jeune femme, interrogeant tous les signes et toutes les traces, reconnectant tous ses souvenirs. Ses propres parents étaient eux-mêmes des militants, maoïstes, un mot dont elle a longtemps ignoré le sens, qui organisaient des réunions clandestines dans l'appartement familial. Elle remet à jour, et à vif, les pratiques d'interrogatoire de la PIDE, les récits de ceux et celles qui ont dû endurer la torture, avec une simple lampe qui éclaire son visage. Aucun pathos, jamais. Elle ne compose aucune fausse émotion, arbore en permanence une vitalité qui défie toute fausse compassion. La rivalité entre le Parti communiste, acteur principal de la révolution, et le MRPP (Mouvement réorganisateur du parti du prolétariat, marxiste-léniniste-maoïste) fait aussi l'objet de son champ d'observation et de critique. L'éclosion des organisations populaires, associations d'habitants, de travailleurs, coopératives de production agricole suscite son enthousiasme.

Pour traiter cette matière foisonnante, jamais superficielle ou anecdotique, l'actrice a recours à une variation inventive de modalités d'utilisation des objets et documents : albums qu'elle feuillette sous un rétro-projecteur, manipulations de photos aux divers formats qui sont reproduites en grand sur un écran, de petits jouets, voitures, animaux, qui deviennent autant de



signes d'animation d'une carte géographique et sociale, d'un périple du nord au sud du pays. Musique de Led Zeppelin et de Zeca Afonso [5].



La nuit du 25 avril 1974, elle passe à l'antenne, incarnant l'animateur vedette de radio Renascença, Joaquim Furtado, qui en donna le coup d'envoi avec la chanson *Grandola vila morena*. Quelques changements de vêtements indiquent dans une connivence très simple une époque et des transformations de société. Mai 68 a ébranlé le monde entier et même les frontières totalitaires du salazarisme n'ont pu y être totalement étanches. Comme une capitaine de navire (ou d'unités...), Joana Craveiro mène la bataille de la mémoire. Pour elle, il s'agit de se réapproprier l'histoire, de faire le lien entre le passé et le présent, notamment à l'heure où le Portugal traverse une crise austéritaire sans précédent et où politiciens et médias cherchent à en donner une image de « bon élève de l'Europe » [6].

Au moment où Tiago Rodrigues, le tout jeune directeur du théâtre national de Lisbonne, triomphe au festival d'Avignon avec *Antonio e Cleopatra* et incarne le renouveau du théâtre portugais, il est important de faire écho à la démarche de Joana (dont le travail sera présenté au théâtre national en 2016), qui s'inscrit dans ce renouveau. Elle est programmée au Festival international de théâtre d'Almada où Rodrigo Francisco, metteur en scène de la même génération, élabore, contre austérités et marées, un festival qui donne à voir la vitalité et la variété de la création portugaise. Un festival vieux de trente-deux ans et qui avait été fondé par Joaquim Benite, dans l'esprit d'avril, pour que les gens de théâtre puissent lutter dans leur société avec leurs propres armes.

Au festival d'Almada jusqu'au 18 juillet

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Teatro Crítico Universal

Magazine de crítica da Revista Galega de Teatro

Um museu vivo de memórias pequenas e esquecidas

Unha voz con voces para re(con)stituír a memoria

Vanessa M. Sotelo



O silencio pódese impoñer; o esquecemento, non. Por iso é preciso preparar o espazo para que a memoria fale. Con *Um museu vivo de memórias pequenas e esquecidas*, Joana Craveiro constrúe o dispositivo necesario para rescatar e amplificar as voces do pasado. Faino a través de historias individuais que atravesan as oito últimas décadas da historia de Portugal –desde a instauración da ditadura militar que daría orixe ao Estado Novo ata os corenta anos que sucederon á Revolución do 25 de abril. Concibido como teatro-documento, *Um museu vivo de memórias pequenas e esquecidas* é, ante todo, unha experiencia desde a que reconstituír a memoria e restituír a identidade de varias xeracións que aínda se preguntan que foi a revolución e se esta acabou ou aínda está por facer.

“Pódese falar das contradicións dun país e das complexidades da súa historia durante catro horas e media coa forma dun monólogo?” Esta é unha das preguntas sobre a que se estruturou o presente traballo da compañía Teatro do Vestido e a resposta, positiva, queda patente na acollida do público no Teatro-Estúdio António Assunção durante o XXXII Festival de Almada. Joana Craveiro asenta a súa proposta nun traballo de investigación e documentación intenso e rigoroso que desemboca nunha execución escénica intensa, intelixente, esixente e medida con grande honestidade. Estructurado en sete partes –con prólogo e epílogo- este museo é un espello desde o que poder recoñecerse e descubrirse na historia coa guía da palabra en combinación cunha coidada selección de elementos visuais e rexistros sonoros.

Um museu vivo de memórias pequenas e esquecidas é, por riba de todo, unha experiencia intensa, extensa e próxima. A proximidade formúlase desde o inicio e desprégase a cada paso coa exposición de vivencias que abordan o universal desde a memoria local e o persoal. No percorrido que deseña este museo-teatro-experiencia, Craveiro rescata a figura dos heroes e das heroínas anónimas, recupera os pequenos actos da resistencia que poñen en valor a importancia da cultura e sitúa a actualidade en diálogo co pasado. A proximidade que require a proposta complétase ademais coa enerxía desbordante e o verbo imparabile cos que Craveiro atrapa e implica a cada persoa asistente. Ela é portavoz e altofalante. A súa presenza prepara o terreo para asistir á conmoción, á emoción, ás nostalxias, ás esperanzas, as frustracións, ás vitorias e ás utopías.

Um museu vivo de memórias pequenas e esquecidas conta, mostra, comparte, fala, cuestiona, reivindica, denuncia, visibiliza, revive, reconstrúe, fai presente. O espectáculo constitúe un patrimonio de gran valor para restituír a memoria –non só portuguesa, mais ibérica- ameazada por políticas que intentaron destituír identidade e memoria. A súa é unha voz chea de voces que desafía a dar pasos de futuro. É unha man que recupera poemas escritos no aire con espiñas de peixe para saber que somos e que facemos aquí ou cara onde imos. É unha mirada que cuestiona e acende pensamentos adormecidos como a pregunta que apuntaba unha espectadora que confesaba sentirse culpable por non ter sido nin presa nin mártir como outros compañeiros. A súa pregunta era: “Será que a revolución está aínda por facer?”

Um museu vivo de memórias pequenas e esquecidas

Compañía: Teatro do Vestido

Investigación, texto, dirección e interpretación: Joana Craveiro

Colaboración creativa: Rosinda Costa e Tânia Guerreiro

Figurinos: Ainhoa Vidal

Deseño de luz: João Cachulo

Adeus, Bulldozer:
morreu Bud Spencer

Steven Tyler anuncia
digressão de despedida
dos Aerosmith para 2017

Passadiço de Cristo
com horário reduzido
devido a sobrelotação

Kanye deita-se com
Swift, Trump, Bush,
Cosby e Kardashian no
novo vídeo Famous

Um museu para o 25 de Abril - só que vivo

INÉS NADALS 06/06/2014 - 07:40 (actualizado às 00:00 de 05/06/2014)



Joana Craveiro está a fazer um trabalho de reconstituição “quase detectivesco” do período que decorre entre a implantação do Estado Novo e o fim do PREC

De que é que não falamos quando falamos do antes, do durante e do depois do 25 de Abril (ou seja, de uma boa metade do século XX português)? Um Museu Vivo de Memórias Pequenas e Esquecidas, coleção de sete palestras performativas sobre o Estado Novo, a Revolução e o Processo Revolucionário Em Curso (PREC) que Joana Craveiro está a construir há três anos, parte justamente dessa pergunta, peça fundadora de uma pesquisa “histórica, política e afectiva” sobre as “omissões, revisões e rasuras” que afectam (e empobrecem) a história recente de Portugal. Além de um espectáculo final resultante das sete palestras, que terá a sua estreia em Novembro no Negócio da galeria Zé dos Bois (e uma pré-apresentação em Agosto, no Citemor), Um Museu Vivo de Memórias Pequenas e Esquecidas é também a base da tese de doutoramento sobre transmissão da memória política em Portugal que a actriz e encenadora está actualmente a fazer na Universidade de Roehampton, em Londres.

Até lá, algumas das sete palestras performativas vão tendo uma vida própria — é o caso de Quando é que a Revolução acabou?, o sexto capítulo do museu vivo de Joana Craveiro, que amanhã será apresentado no Museu do Neo-Realismo em Vila Franca de Xira, integrando o ciclo de conferências e de cinema documental paralelo à exposição Além da Ucrânia — Histórias Não Vividas do 25 de Abril. Logo a seguir, Joana levará parte do museu ao Hemispheric Institute, em Montréal (21 a 28 de Junho), e ao congresso da Associação Internacional de História Oral, em Barcelona (9 a 12 de Julho). “Tenho ido falar da nossa história recente a muitos sítios, acho que é muito relevante e também muito sintomático”, diz ao Ípsilon, explicando que esta viagem parte de uma vontade de “desmontar as narrativas oficiais” sobre três períodos cruciais do século XX português e as “explicações simplistas sobre como chegámos até aqui” que se vulgarizaram a propósito da crise. Os objectos do seu museu — que é também o museu pessoal de uma portuguesa que nasceu depois da Revolução e o museu colectivo da “geração da pós-memória” — vão desde as “construções nacionais” sobre as quais se funda o Estado Novo e as formas de resistência (nomeadamente a compra de livros proibidos) que as acompanham (tema da primeira palestra, Actos de Resistência) até aos dias turbulentos da descolonização (Espantados de Regressar), que de resto a companhia fundada por Joana Craveiro em 2001, o Teatro do Vestido, acaba de abordar num espectáculo estreado em Viseu, Retornos, Exílios e Alguns que Ficaram. Passando, claro, por um período que a actriz considera especialmente mal resolvido: “Parece-me que há uma tentativa de negativização do PREC, que é um processo com altos e baixos, claro, mas absolutamente limpar na Europa. Interessa-me perceber de onde é que vem esse revisionismo, esse preconceito generalizado sobre os ditos ‘excessos da Revolução’ que contamina a narrativa dominante.”

Apresentadas como pequenas “lições” apoiadas em abundantes materiais bibliográficos — trata-se, afinal, de um museu, ainda que vivo — e na recolha de testemunhos de “pessoas comuns”, que se transformam em “personagens reais” da dramaturgia deste espectáculo, as sete palestras são também uma reconstituição “quase detectivesca” do

passado pessoal e colectivo. “Assumo uma voz subjectiva, que é a minha e também a da geração da pós-memória, que tem dúvidas, que tem perguntas, que tem ironia. Quis investigar também dentro da minha própria família porque havia muitas coisas que até hoje não sabia e porque a transmissão da memória no contexto familiar é determinante neste processo de assimilação do passado”, resume. Para ela, para todos: não há português que não esteja representado na colecção deste museu revolucionário em curso.

COMENTÁRIOS

Os comentários a este artigo estão fechados. **Saiba porquê.**



Marido infiel condenado a pagar 10 mil euros por danos morais à mulher

Farage: Todos se riram de mim. Agora não estão a rir-se

Há escolas no país a passar alunos com sete negativas

Corbyn sofre derrota pesada em opção de desconfiança, mas recusa demitir-se

Vagens entre Paris e Lisboa. Sarah Bernhardt e a emigração portuguesa

GONÇALO FROTA 05/05/2016 - 18:50

Entre 11 de Maio e 4 de Junho, Portugal volta a ter uma forte representação no Chantiers d'Europe, programa do Théâtre de la Ville dedicado às artes performativas. Pela primeira vez, com co-produções de espectáculos de Miguel Loureiro, Joana Craveiro e Teatro Praga.

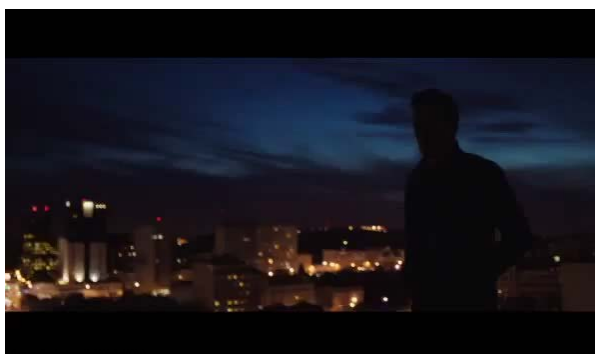


Joana Craveiro estreará em Paris uma nova versão de *Museu Vivo das Memórias Pequenas e Esquecidas*, um dos dez melhores espectáculos de teatro para o PÚBLICO em 2014 JOÃO TUNA

Há três anos, na conferência de imprensa de apresentação da primeira presença portuguesa na programação do Chantiers d'Europe, o director do Théâtre de la Ville, Emmanuel Demarcy-Mota, foi confrontado com a questão do possível carácter episódico desse momento em que Portugal surgia como país convidado. Poderia o foco estar a virar-se momentaneamente para a criação artística portuguesa e apagar-se logo em seguida? Esta quinta-feira, na apresentação da sétima edição do evento parisiense (a quarta com artistas nacionais) na Câmara Municipal de Lisboa, Demarcy-Mota referiu-se precisamente à importância desta edição enquanto “resultado do acompanhamento”, destacando a continuidade desta montra de apresentação de países pouco habituais nos palcos

franceses como um dos vectores fundamentais do Chantiers d'Europe. Ascendem a quarenta os projectos até agora apresentados, tendo, nalguns casos, impulsionado uma presença mais frequente em França ou possibilitado a descoberta por outros programadores internacionais.

Em 2016, parte de um programa que se estende entre 11 de Maio e 4 de Junho, e em que se incluem ainda espectáculos provenientes de Suécia, Polónia, Grécia e Itália, a comitiva portuguesa será composta por José Manuel Neto, Camané e Cristina Branco (protagonistas de um concerto pensado também para chegar à numerosa comunidade portuguesa), Miguel Loureiro, Joana Craveiro / Teatro do Vestido, Clara Andermatt, Miguel Fragata e Inês Barahona, Teatro Praga e Ricardo Cabaça, divididos entre música, teatro, dança e literatura.



Lugar a estreias

Com esta edição, no entanto, o Chantiers d'Europe na sua parceria com a Câmara de Lisboa deixa de ser apenas uma montra e plataforma de internacionalização das artes performativas portuguesas, passando a acolher co-produções entre o Théâtre de la Ville e o Teatro São Luiz, e estreando, assim, dois espectáculos que integrarão depois a temporada 2016/17 da sala lisboeta. A Miguel Loureiro foi pedido que criasse um novo texto em torno da figura da

actriz francesa Sarah Bernhardt, cujo título *Paris > Sarah > Lisboa* denuncia já uma viagem entre as duas cidades. Cabe-lhe a honra de espectáculo de abertura do Chantiers, entre 11 e 14 de Maio. A 18 e 19, Loureiro apresentará ainda *Do Natural*, espectáculo em que se debruça sobre a obra de W.G. Sebald.

Joana Craveiro estreará em Paris uma nova versão de *Museu Vivo das Memórias Pequenas e Esquecidas*, um dos dez melhores espectáculos de teatro para o PÚBLICO em 2014 e vencedor do Prémio do Público do Festival de Almada em 2015, em que a artista aborda a transmissão da memória relativa aos períodos de ditadura e do PREC, recorrendo a uma aturada recolha de testemunhos que reclamam uma História emocional e afectiva, saltando por cima da frieza dos factos. Após um trabalho de proximidade desenvolvido junto de várias gerações de comunidade portuguesa em França, este conjunto de palestras aparecerá agora acrescido dos relatos da emigração. *Museu Vivo...* terá dois formatos distintos em França: uma versão reduzida pensada para o público escolar de zonas com forte implantação portuguesa; uma versão longa para o público geral.

O Théâtre de la Ville é também parceiro com o São Luiz e o Festival de Teatro de Istambul (IKSV) da nova criação do Teatro Praga, *Zululuzu*, apresentada no Théâtre des Abbesses após a estreia em Istambul, e em que a companhia portuguesa se atira de cabeça para o universo de Fernando Pessoa, em particular a infância do escritor passada em Durban, na África do Sul. Em cena entre 31 de Maio e 4 de Junho.

Referindo-se ao nascimento do Chantiers d'Europe numa altura de ascensão da extrema-direita em França, Demarcy-Mota falou da intenção de trabalhar para “apagar as fronteiras” e proporcionar debates através da arte com, por exemplo, criadores da Polónia e da Hungria (países com semelhantes situações de subidas galopantes desses partidos extremistas), antecipando que a edição do próximo ano – quando os franceses forem a votos para as Presidenciais e, presumivelmente, a Frente Nacional poder vir a disputar a segunda volta – acontecerá com este inevitável pano de fundo. “Em França temos três palavras: liberdade, igualdade e fraternidade”, lembrou. “E esta última anda muitas vezes esquecida.” Da mesma maneira que “a arte e a cultura não esperaram a construção do espaço europeu para fazer circular obras e artistas”, também agora o director do Chantiers d'Europe espera que por aqui possa também passar um contributo para pensar a redefinição dos valores humanistas europeus.

COMENTÁRIOS

The Living Museum of my Generation's Failure: On The Living Museum of Small, Forgotten and Unwanted Memories by Joana Craveiro/ Teatro do Vestido

critical-stages.org/12/the-living-museum-of-my-generations-failure-on-the-living-museum-of-small-forgotten-and-unwanted-memories

Rui Pina Coelho*

No doubt the phrase "documentary theatre" fails us. It is inadequate. Yet at present it is the best phrase available.

Carol Martin (13)

Watching the best theatre and performance we are together and alone.

Tim Etchells (qtd. in Freshwater 7)



1. Documenting forgotten history

Alain Badiou has famously declared the "passion for the real" as the twentieth-century's "major subjective trait" (40), in contrast with the nineteenth-century utopian or scientific projects and ideals. The twenty-first century succumbed helplessly to the eruption of the real. The real erupted particularly after the series of terrorist attacks globally known as 9/11, in 2001, that ultimately led to the beginning of the military intervention in Iraq ran by a coalition of forces from different countries, in 2003. Then, it was no longer possible for art to remain in its own corsets. The real broke through in a terrible, violent and abject way. All over—but particularly in the Anglophone world—there was a proliferation of performances about terrorist actions or war events, often using "real life performers" such as soldiers or victims of attacks. Life memories, depictions of real actions and first person narrations were often combined with fiction and artistic invention. Themes such as the abuses at Abu Gharib and Guantánamo, terrorist bombings, the Israeli-Palestinian conflict or the wars in Afghanistan and Iraq erupted on western stages. For a critic such as Hans-Thies Lehmann, the frisson that some of these performances created has something to do with what he describes as an "aesthetics of undecidability," considering that the main point of the "theatre of the real" is "the unsettling that occurs through the *undecidability* whether one is dealing with reality or fiction. The theatrical effect and the effect on consciousness both emanate from this ambiguity" (101). This means, basically, that one cannot decide if the response should be aesthetic—thus responding to the "events on stage as fiction" (104)—or moral—thus responding to the events on stage as "reality."

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Amongst the many theatrical sensibilities that have worked on this landscape we could find artistic works that deal with the portrayal of violence, self-mutilation performances, the re-enactment of real-life events (most of them could easily fall under what Paul Ardenne (2006) has described as “*esthétique de la limite dépassée*”/aesthetics of the exceeded limit)—but also, most significantly, documentary theatre.

In a famous essay from 1971—“Notes on Contemporary Theatre”—, Peter Weiss, considering documentary theatre as the one “that exclusively deals with the documentation of a particular subject matter,” sketched fourteen arguments for this kind of theatre that are still effective nowadays. Weiss and his contemporaries (such as Heinrich Kipphardt) were responding to the brutal changes in the western ontological paradigm after the horrors of Second World War, considering that they could not really understand a world that was beyond understanding. Thus, the only possible task that was left for them was to present documents and reality the best way they could: “Documentary theatre argues for the alternative view, according to which reality, however impenetrable it tries to be, can be explained in all its detail” (Weiss 386).

More recently, Carol Martin has been analysing and debating contemporary documentary theatre performances. She finds it useful to:

understand [documentary theatre] as [the one] created from a specific body of archived material: interviews, documents, hearings, records, video, film, photographs, etc. Most contemporary documentary theatre make the claim that everything presented is part of the documentary. But equally important is the fact that not everything in the archive is part of the documentary. (9)

This definition stresses the intrinsically political nature of documentary theatre and its dialectical relationship with reality. In a brilliant effort of synthesis, Carol Martin presents six functions for contemporary documentary theatre: 1) "To reopen trials in order to critique justice"; 2) "To create additional historical accounts"; 3) "To reconstruct an event"; 4) "To intermingle autobiography with history"; 5) "To critique the operations of both documentary and fiction"; 6) "To elaborate the oral culture of theatre in which gestures, mannerisms, and attitudes are passed and replicated via technology" (12-13).

This introduction aims to introduce and contextualize the Portuguese theatre performance *The Living Museum of Small, Forgotten and Unwanted Memories – on dictatorship, revolution, and the revolutionary process* [Um museu vivo de memórias pequenas e esquecidas – sobre a ditadura, a revolução e o processo revolucionário] created and interpreted by Portuguese theatre artist, Joana Craveiro (Teatro do Vestido). This performance was the sensation of the last theatrical season in Portugal and it is an extraordinary example of contemporary documentary theatre. In addition, it affected powerfully the way I deal with a theatre performance.



The Living Museum of Small, Forgotten and Unwanted Memories, by Joana Craveiro / Teatro do Vestido. Photo: João Tuna.

2. A Living Museum

Craveiro's theatrical work departs usually from autobiographic, personal and subjective materials. Family memories and innocent *memorabilia* such as letters, postcards, books, journal entries, music records, pictures or newspapers are often present in her performances. This one is no exception. But this lecture-performance has the singularity of merging the intimate and the public, the subjective and the factual, and the poetic and the journalistic. She intermingles her family history with the most relevant public events that occurred in Portugal during the fascist dictatorship (1926 to 1974) until present days. The performance focuses particularly on the final years of Salazar's

3/14

regime (the dictator died in 1970) and on the Carnation Revolution of 1974 and its aftermath, in order to re-examine the Portuguese twentieth-century. But the dramaturgical main line is her family's experience of the historical events.

This project, as the artist states in the programme bill:

departs from an investigation about memories, narratives, constructions and images of the last eighty-eight years in Portuguese history, starting with the military dictatorship (1926) that lead to the "Estado Novo"/New State (1933), until the celebrations of the 40th anniversary of the [revolution of] 25th April 1974. (my translation)

Craveiro's work debates the conflicting versions of some fracturing subjects and, more pungently, makes a chimerical attempt to fight the loss of historical memory that afflicts most of us, and, more frighteningly, the discourses of Portuguese public institutions regarding the fascist dictatorship, the revolution and the revolutionary process that animated Portugal in the succeeding years.

The Living Museum of Small, Forgotten and Unwanted Memories is a five hour lecture-performance, composed by a prologue and seven different lectures (presented separately throughout 2014—its final and complete version premiered in November 2014, in Negócio/ZDB, in Lisbon). During most of the time, Craveiro is sitting at a conference table, holding or pointing cameras at books, writings on a notebook, showing transparencies, quoting newspapers, playing records, or walking across the stage manipulating small objects, such as a radio, boxes, a miniature van, etc.

The Prologue is set before an old photograph portraying the Swiss Alps that was supposedly displayed in Craveiro's primary school. Craveiro holds a suitcase, similar to the suitcases that thousands of Portuguese emigrants have used throughout the decades—in the sixties and seventies trying to escape fascism and colonial wars; nowadays trying to dodge the economic crisis. The Swiss Alps appear in this anti-fairy tale short story as a dysphoric symbol of a it-was-supposed-to-be-a-promised-land-but-after-all-it-is-just-a-boring land.



Although there are many references to historical documents throughout the performance, and notwithstanding the fact that the Prologue creates an atmosphere of veracity and a confessional dimension, several narrated actions are purely fictional and invented, thus contributing decisively to Lehmann's "aesthetics of undecidability."

After the amusing prologue, the audience is invited to sit down. The first lecture ("Small acts of resistance") deals with discrete (almost invisible) actions of resistance during the fascist regime: reading and selling forbidden books, watching films, attending meetings—a myriad of small scale acts of resistance (echoing Peter Weiss's "monument to radical instants" in *The Aesthetics of Resistance* (1975). In fact, Portuguese history and Craveiro's family story are linked through books—particularly those clandestinely sold at a bookstore that her mother used to visit. It is this juxtaposition of stories that makes the performance a powerful and engaging experience; indeed, in my opinion, it is the most relevant Portuguese performance of the last twenty years.

The second lecture ("Invisible Archives of Portuguese Dictatorship") focuses on some examples of the fascist regime's repressive techniques, dealing directly with the memory of the assassination of the law student Ribeiro Santos and the many documented cases of violence and torture perpetrated by the Political Police (PIDE). But, more than a recollection of examples (most of which are public knowledge), Craveiro interrogates the memory of those events in the contemporary public sphere and in Lisbon's urban geography and iconography, to alert us to a dangerous collective amnesia. A striking example of this is the case of the former PIDE headquarters, which is presently a luxurious private condominium.

In the third lecture, entitled "Interrupted Portuguese," Craveiro acts as a radio journalist, narrating the events of the night of April 24, 1974, when the revolutionary soldiers took over the national radio and used it to communicate between them and to coordinate their movements using well known songs as codes.

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The fourth lecture is focused on the joyous celebrations of liberty and democracy achieved with the Carnation Revolution. Craveiro narrates her interviews, actually sharing with the audience how the interviews were made, and how they were experienced and commented upon by her interviewees, giving a strong, nostalgic atmosphere to the performance. The enthusiastic and communal years immediately after the revolution that we hear about in the interviews have become a distant memory; very few of the utopian desires of those glorious years were achieved. Intermingled with these recollections, Craveiro tells us how during one of her research journeys to a London library, she found a book about Portuguese revolution written by a British "revolutionary tourist" from the seventies thanking both her parents for the help they gave him at the time. This deploys, once again, a mixture of both public and private events.

The fifth lecture is about one of the most sensitive aspects of Portuguese recent history. During the decolonization process, thousand of Portuguese citizens left Africa (many in a hurry and leaving without any possessions). Thus, "Amazed to be back: The story of a family" deals with some of the social tensions, the cultural shock and the incidents that occurred in those years through the story of a particular family.

"When did the revolution end?" is the most politically engaged part of Craveiro's production. The title of the sixth lecture brings the scope of the performance to our present days and to the theatre maker's political anguishes and doubts. The leitmotif is a box of books that Craveiro's father was supposed to donate to the 25th of April's Documentation Centre in Coimbra, but that he managed to keep in his office for decades. Scrutinizing and reading several excerpts from these books, commenting on postcards, leaflets or book covers, Craveiro interrogates many of the political routes taken in the lives of our country, her parents and herself.

Finally, "Post-generation" is a lecture dedicated to the generation born after 1974 but that still keeps an emotional tie with its cultural, political and philosophical heritage. It is dedicated to my generation, to the failure of our hopes and utopias.



The Living Museum of Small, Forgotten and Unwanted Memories, by Joana Craveiro / Teatro do Vestido. Photo: João Tuna.

3. Embodied Knowledge

Craveiro lectures are, in effect, about Portuguese memories of left-wing resistance to the fascist dictatorship; the early years of democracy; the social tensions of the eighties; the affluence of the nineties; and about the precarious position of Portugal and, in particular, the Portuguese working-class, during the crisis of recent years. All these memories are very familiar to me, to the point that they could seem to be my own memories.

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Craveiro was born in 1974. I was born in 1975. Politically and ideologically, although there are, inevitably, some small differences in our approaches, I think we are on the same side of the "barricade." Furthermore, we both maintain an intricate emotional tie with the cultural memory of the Carnation Revolution. So, departing from an intrinsically personal and familiar point of view, Craveiro has in fact created a "Museum of Lost Memories" for our whole generation, a generation that has seen the collapse of most of the dreams and utopias of the revolutionary years and that has been helpless in the face of the dangerous rise of savage, neo-liberal capitalism, or that has simply left the country. In any case, we are a generation that lives with an acute sense of failure.

As a critic, I have no objective distance whatsoever from this performance. I have no option other than being Baudelairean about it. I have no choice but to be partial, political and passionate about the work. As a critic, I feel a passionate urge to defend it, to discuss it, to analyze it as part of my generation's resistance to historical oblivion.

The strength of my response to Craveiro's piece signals what I consider to be an inherent aspect of criticism, namely that there is nothing objective in the act of critiquing a work of art. The brilliance, the joyous intelligence and the impressive pertinence of Craveiro's production notwithstanding, my motivation for writing this paper is the manner in which the work affected my way of dealing with a theatre performance. I believe strongly that, for a theatre critic to truly perform his/her task, s/he must forget things such as impartiality or objectivity. As I see it, those are things that are completely impossible when analyzing and debating a live performance. Criticism inhabits the sphere of subjectivity, authorship, personal intuitions, passions and convictions.

Elin Diamond in her essay "The violence of 'We': Politicizing Identification" (written in 1991), argues that traditional reviews tend to ignore the multiplicity of responses to a performance by an audience. Assertions such as "we feel Macbeth's fear" or "we understand Nora's frustration" project the "subjective responses of the critic on to the rest of the audience," as Helen Freshwater puts it (8). Thus, "[o]ne of the effects of such rhetoric [in which the emotions and thought of others are assumed to follow our model] is a fictitious but powerful sense of community that buttresses but also conceals the narcissistic claims of the critic" (Diamond 404). I have always tried to escape this fallacy. Therefore, I think that criticism should carry, as transparently as possible, the ideological, generational and personal signature of its author. Therefore, the body of the critic, in its synesthetic sense, is always determinant.

In order to redefine visceral performances, Josephine Machon has found a very useful concept: "(syn)aesthetics." She creatively combines the notion of synaesthesia, defined as "the production of a sensation in one part of the body resulting from a stimulus applied to, or perceived by, another part [and] the production . . . of an associated mental image of a sense-impression of another kind," and aesthetics, understood as the "subjective creation, experience and criticism of artistic practice" (13,14). Drawing heavily on the quintessential features of the neurological condition of synaesthesia, Machon connects the neurological and theatrical realms, arguing that:

the (syn)aesthetic-sense defines the intuitive human sense that makes sense/sense of the unrepresentable and the inarticulable. It is brought about in performance practice where dramatic techniques express ideas, thoughts, emotional experience, psychological states and so on, that are beyond the bounds of conventional communication. . . . It is this fusion of the 'felt' and the 'understood' in making sense/sense of intangible, inarticulable ideas that is crucial to (syn)aesthetics appreciation. (20, 21)

Thus, "the term (syn)aesthetics (with a playful use of parentheses) encompasses both a fused sensory perceptual experience and a fused and sensate approach to artistic practice and analysis" (14). In Machon's perspective, this (syn)aesthetic comprehension of a performance leads to an "embodied knowledge" of it (21). The lesson of Artaud echoes loudly in Machon's definition: "Whoever says feeling also says intuition, that is, direct knowledge, inverted communications enlightened from within. There is a mind in the flesh, but a mind quick as lightning. And yet the agitation of the flesh partakes of the mind's higher matter" (qtd. in Machon 13). Thus, Machon's argues that the "key

aspects of (syn)aesthetic comprehension are the imagination, the ineffable and the fact that the work is experienced through the human body" (21). As she puts it, the (syn)aesthetic performance style asserts an "embodied knowledge due to the fusion of corporeal and cerebral perception." Therefore:

This idea of the body as not only a primary signifier but also the principal human instrument that reads in a unique and innate way is of utmost importance to the (syn)aesthetic mode of appreciation. The palpable content of (syn)aesthetic work and the subsequent (syn)aesthetic interpretation is a direct result of such corporeal intervention. (24)

All this contributes to considering as fundamental for a (syn)aesthetics response "the notion that the body is the sentient conduit for the appreciation of artistic work in general, and performance in particular" (22).



Although Machon is thinking about what she calls “visceral performances,” the ones that operate deliberately on the senses of the spectator (most of the time, in extreme ways, such as radical performance art or “in-yer-face drama”), as I understand it, this notion can also be applied to less “extreme” performances. In effect, it is inherent to the nature of spectatorship to participate in the performance, using all the potentialities of our body and to respond to it in the most *emancipated* manner possible. Otherwise, one will not really “be” in the performance. One could be in the venue where the performance is taking place, but you simply wouldn’t be part of it. The critic’s body must not be blocked from the performance. I recall warmly Kenneth Tynan’s words in an interview with the editors of *Theatre*

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Quarterly in 1970. Answering the question, "Do you have any regrets that you aren't any longer yourself writing criticism?" he responded, "None at all. I did it for twelve years. . . . I think that's long enough. After that you are recording not what is actually happening to your sensibility but what you think ought to be happening to it, or what once happened to it" (197). Tynan realized that his body was numb to what was happening on stage and decided to quit. His body had left the performance. It was time for him to join it.

Regarding Craveiro's *The Living Museum*, what I could understand of the performance was overwhelmed by what I felt during it. Yet, I think that it is only through the fusion of "the felt" and "the understood" that this performance reaches its point. Its political dimension is beyond propagandistic strategies or more explicit communicational strategies. Notwithstanding its cerebral dramaturgical structure, its strength comes from the sphere of the intangible and the inarticulable, much more than from the perceptible. It deals with memories, often conflicting, of a very intense period of recent Portuguese history, where many wounds were open and many remain unhealed.

To present a performance like this one in Portugal today is to facilitate Fisher-Lichte's "autopoetic feedback loop," especially for spectators born in the seventies. It serves us by projecting our own memories and family stories; in fact, this was acutely perceptible in the talks with the audience that followed every performance (this was actually part of its dramaturgical structure). Most of the interventions from the audience manifested the theatregoers' need to continue the performance and to recall their own personal narratives or family stories, and to include them in the "Living Museum." These reactions obliterated utterly the aesthetic response to the performance. The argumentative rhetoric of the production is not "beyond the bounds of conventional communication," to use Machon's expression (20). Its modes of expression are deductive, expository and argumentative. The performance clearly aims to be as rational and historically accurate as possible (Craveiro has clearly undertaken a great amount of research in creating this lecture-performance). Besides, its soundscape, its tonality, its atmospheres, its spatiality, is dominated by moderation, quietude and calmness—everything contributes to the creation of a good environment in which to talk, listen and comprehend. Nevertheless, its impact on me was neither entirely rational nor objective. But then again, as I have been arguing, a critical response to a performance never is.



The Living Museum of Small, Forgotten and Unwanted Memories, by Joana Craveiro / Teatro do Vestido. Photo: João Tuna.

4. Concluding: The Restoration of the Public Sphere

I cannot stress enough the importance of this performance. It fights against the oblivion of the horrors of the dictatorship and the desire in the current right-wing politics in Portugal to blank out some of its major accomplices and perpetrators. In recent years, politics and the public sphere in Portugal have been dominated by the fear of crisis and economic collapse. Our right-wing President and Prime Minister collaborated in a public discourse of revitalization of some “old times” figures and icons, as examples of moderated and accepted Portuguese traditions. In the public sphere, there was a practice of eluding to the past and manipulating history as a way to achieve a public oblivion.

The Living Museum of Small, Forgotten and Unwanted Memories fights directly against this attempt to infantilize the revolutionary years, its icons and utopias; therefore, it is fighting the oblivion of Portuguese twentieth-century history. In a way, it does for Portuguese history what Alain Badiou does for the twentieth-century—namely, it assures us that something unique, something that should be preserved and prolonged, took place. Thus, in line with Badiou’s lesson in *The Century* (which Slavoj Žižek summarizes as “remain faithful to the twentieth-century”), the lesson of Craveiro’s performance could be, “remain faithful to the Carnation Revolution.”

If one considers, as I do, that the savage growth of capitalism is linked completely with the disappearance of notions of criticism and the public sphere, one must assume that art and arts criticism have now a very important battle to fight (not for themselves but for all of us). It is a battle to resuscitate the concept of general will, of the public sphere, which is, as Jürgen Habermas has termed it: “a realm of our social life in which something approaching public opinion can be formed. Access is guaranteed to all citizens. A portion of the public sphere comes into being in every

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conversation in which private individuals assemble to form a public body" (Habermas 1571).

Art and arts criticism are in the front line of the battle to overcome the oppression of the public sphere by the capitalist system. This battle won't be won easily or quickly, but it is absolutely necessary to engage in it. In order to fight this battle, criticism will decidedly need the presence of the critic's bodies with all their knowledge.



The Living Museum of Small, Forgotten and Unwanted Memories, by Joana Craveiro / Teatro do Vestido. Photo: João Tuna.

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PERFORMANCE VIDEO

Video recording from Chelsea Theatre performance on June, 5 2016.

DVD, 16/9, 252'.

Recorded by João Tuna

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CD PERFORMANCE SOUNDTRACK

I	Anthem of Mocidade Portuguesa	<i>Mário Beirão e Rui Correia Lei</i>
II	Salazar's Speech I	
III	Nouvelle vague	Orchestre Samy Cates
IV	Os Bravos	José Afonso
V	Deleuxe Edition (III)	Led Zeppelin
VI	Salazar's Speech II	
VII	Valse Triste op.44	Jan Sibelius
VIII	Honra a Ribeiro Santos	Coro Popular "O horizonte é vermelho"
XIX	Livre	Manuel Freire
X	Tanto Mar (version I)	Chico Buarque
XI	Somos Livres	Ermelinda Duarte
XII	1960 Portugal (TWA touristic vídeo)	
XIII	Filhos da Madrugada	Zeca Afonso
XIV	E Depois do Adeus	Eurovision Portugal 1974 - Paulo de Carvalho
XV	Grândola Vila Morena (stanza)	Zeca Afonso (read by Leite de Vasconcelos)
XVI	Grândola Vila Morena	Zeca Afonso
XVII	Communiqué 25 Abril 1974	
XVIII	Mistake Joaquim Furtado 25 de Abril 1974	
XIX	Anthem of the MFA	John Philipp De Souza
XX	Adelino Gomes Reportage	(Augusta Street, Rossio, Carmo) - 25 de Abril 1974
XXI	Ajuste de Contas	Fausto Bordalo Dias (do LP Um beco com saída 1975)
XXII	Hasta siempre Comandante	Carlos Puebla
XXIII	A Cantiga é uma Arma	G.A.C. Grupo de Acção Cultural - Vozes na Luta
XXIV	Verde Vinho	Paulo Alexandre
XXV	Alerta	G.A.C. Grupo de Acção Cultural - Vozes na Luta
XXVI	Tanto Mar (version II)	Chico Buarque
XXVII	Hino da Confederação	G.A.C. Grupo de Acção Cultural

